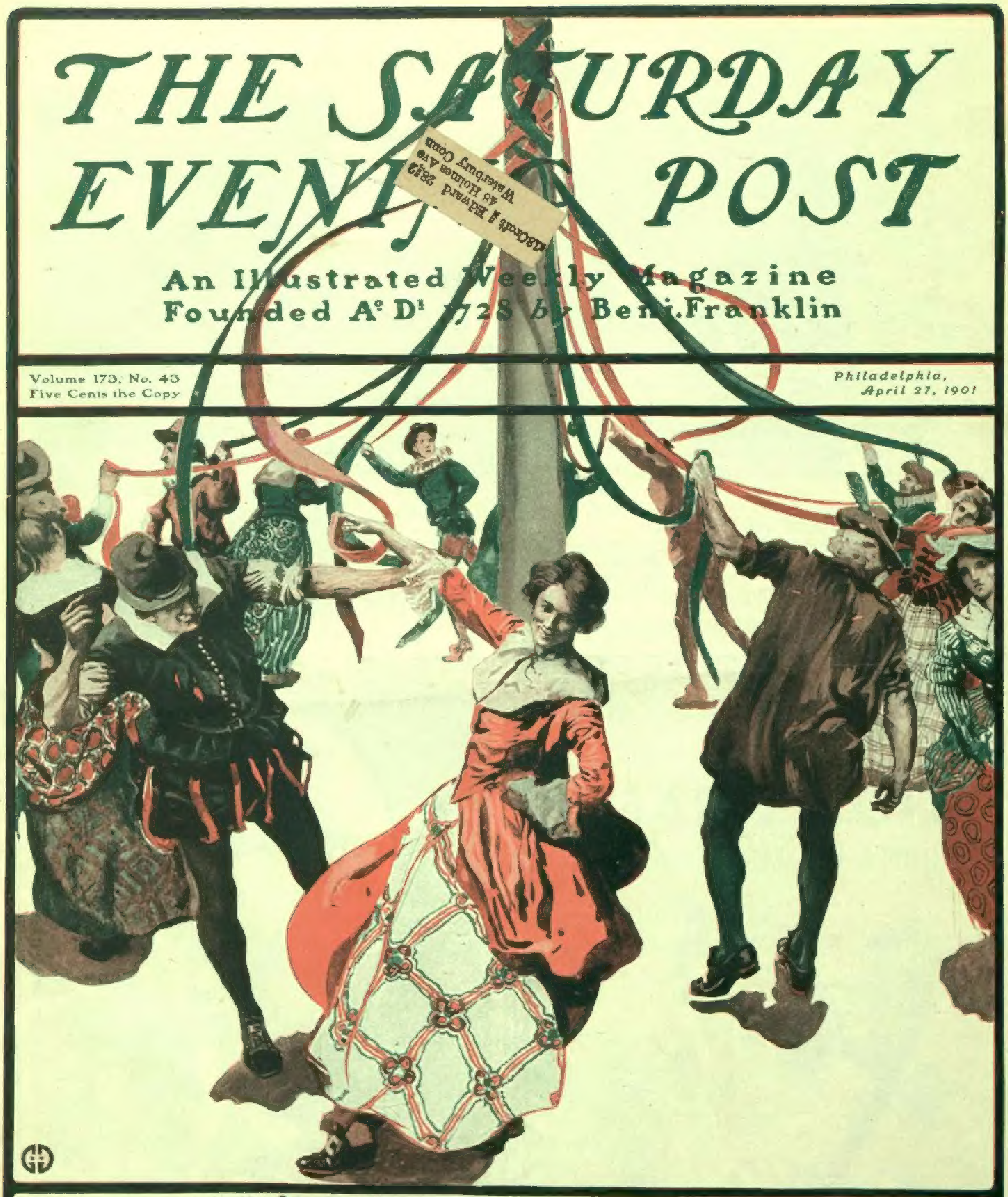
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Croft J Edward 28 12
45 Holmes Ave
Waterbury Conn

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dı 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 43
Five Cents the Copy

Philadelphia,
April 27, 1901



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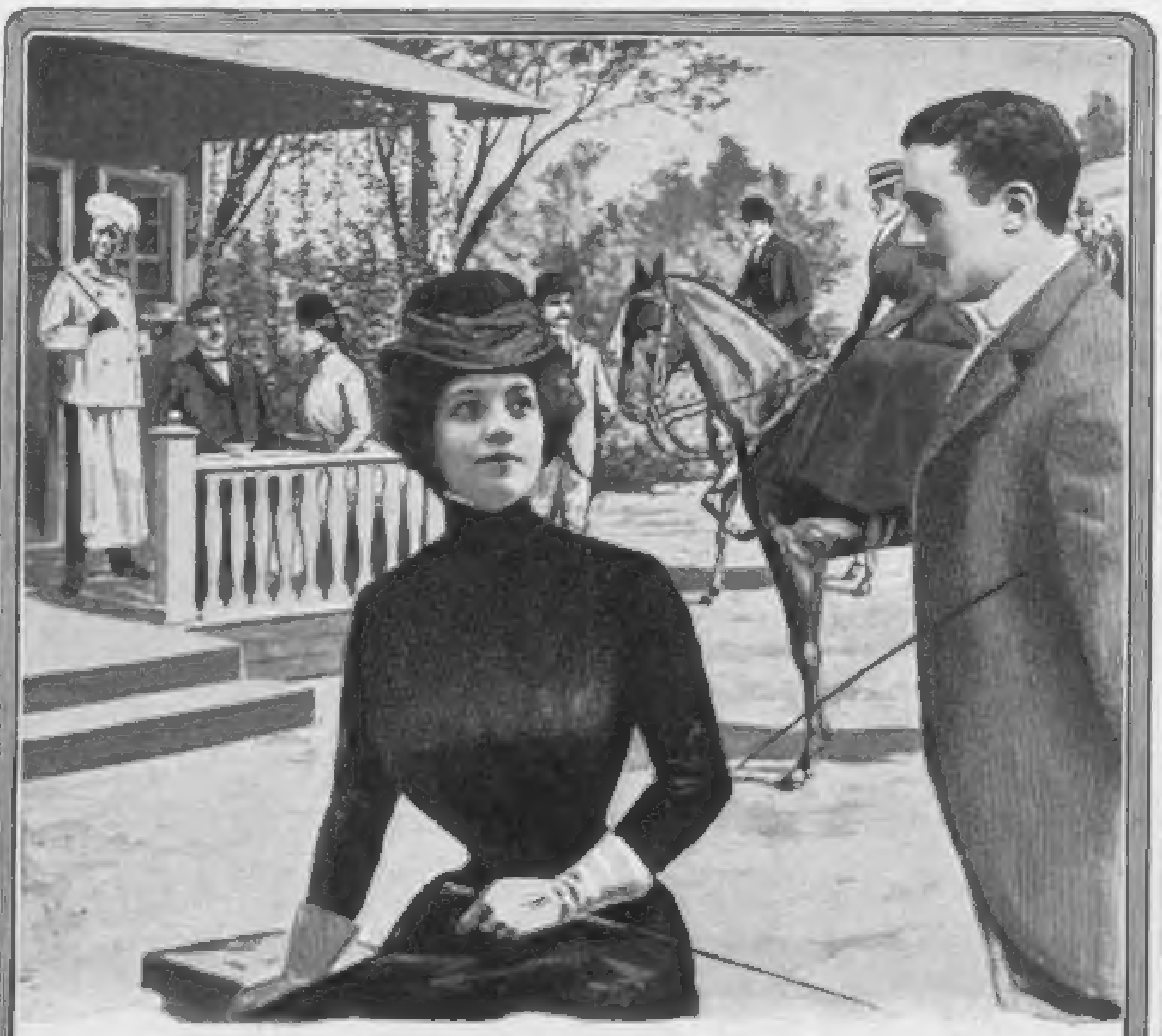

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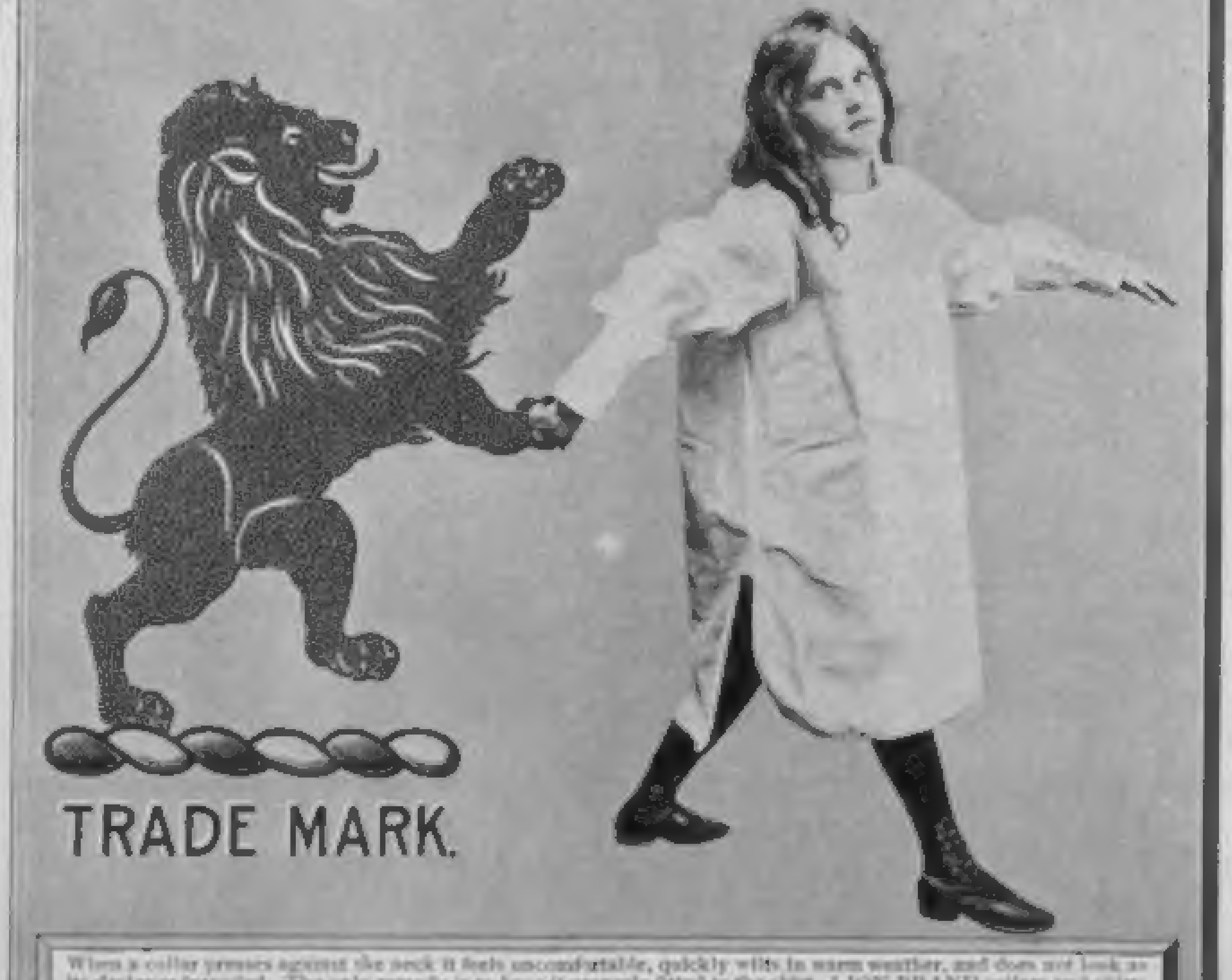

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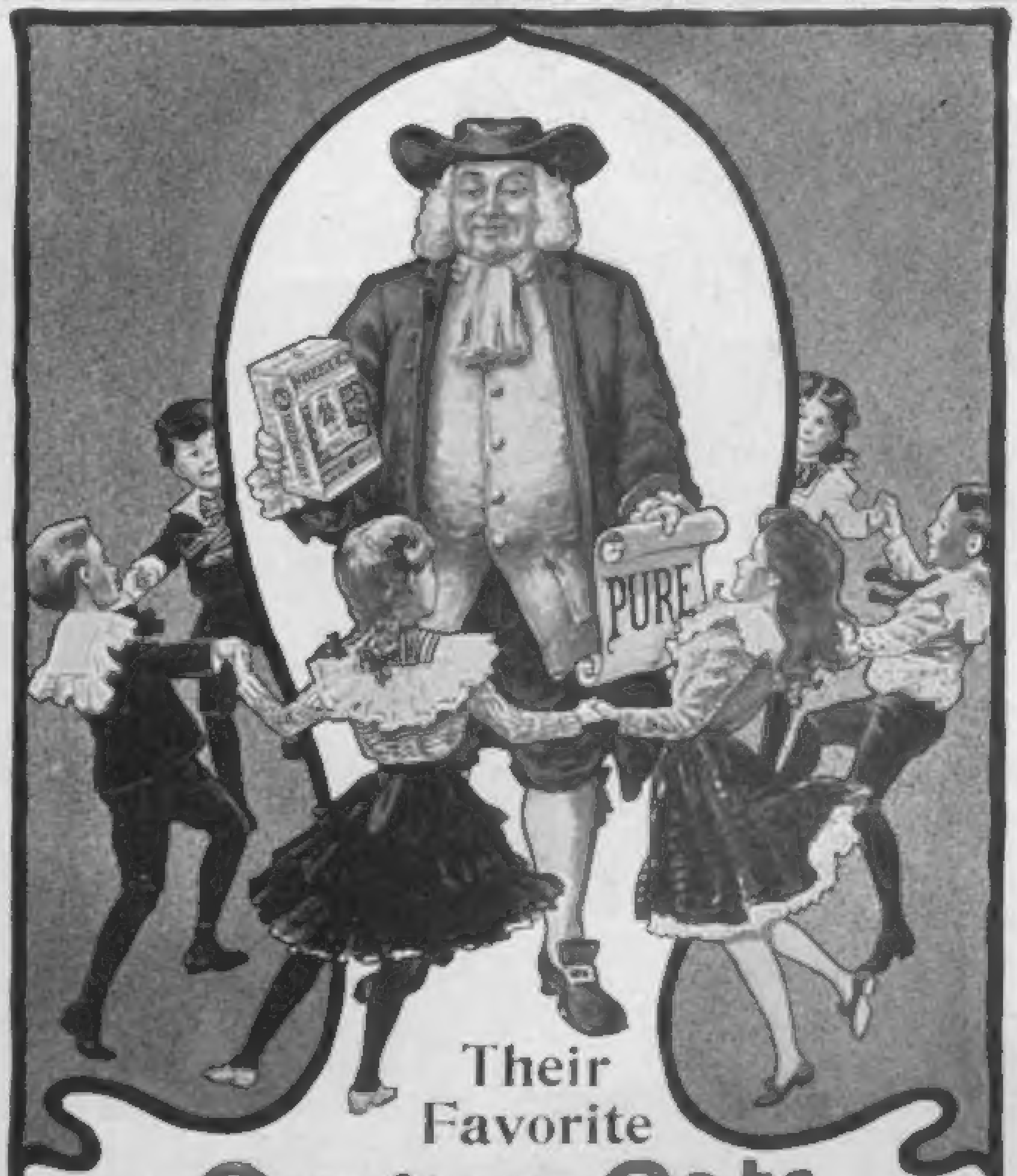

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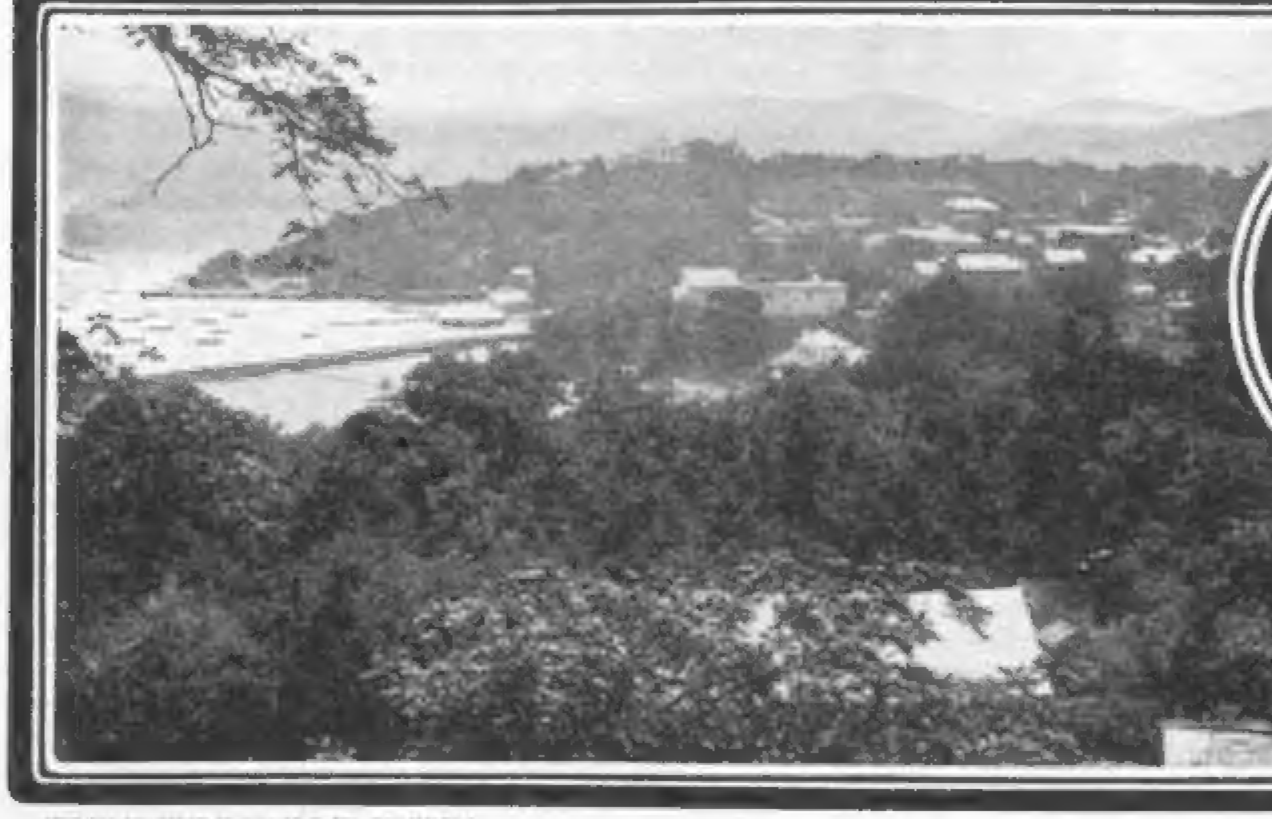
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

A SOLDIER'S STORY

By OLIVER OTIS HOWARD
Major-General United States Army, Retired



FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA

View of West Point from cemetery road

PHOTO. OF GENERAL HOWARD BY ROCKWOOD, N. Y.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA

Parade grounds

EARLY DAYS AT WEST POINT

THE change of my position as a student from Bowdoin College to West Point was an epoch in a young man's life. In the Senior class, having arrived at that dignity which a college student attains after three years of study in the peculiar social life and discipline of the place, I was a proud and happy youth of nineteen years, receiving the kind attention of professors and the respect of classmates, who were earnestly expectant of that great occasion, "the last Commencement," when I received a nomination to a cadetship at West Point from the Honorable John Otis, the member of Congress from my father's district, which was followed speedily by a regular "appointment."

As the immediate future of a student after graduation is full of uncertainty, I quickly decided to accept the new honor, not so much because of a military outlook as because I could pursue the studies and acquire a profession, if found equal to its demands, which would be attended by a certainty of compensation—a compensation which would increase with time. My mother did not quite like the sudden prospect, but she said, as she looked in my face: "You have already made up your mind." By permission of the President and Faculty of the college I was permitted to take my examinations, and received a B. A. degree without waiting for "Commencement," which did not occur that year (1850) till the latter part of September.

About the middle of August, furnished with a fairly good outfit of underclothing and such other articles of use as the West Point circular had specified, I left my home in Leeds, Maine, for West Point, New York. Twelve miles in an open wagon to Lewiston and thence by rail on the new Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway to Portland; from Portland to Boston by steamer; and from Boston to New York via the Fall River Railway and a great Sound steamer—that was the journey, which occupied four days in the making. I did not long delay in the vicinity of the metropolis; the changes here in fifty years, if they could be named, would seem like exaggerations or fancy stories. The Astor House was then the principal hotel, and the Washington House at the foot of Broadway afforded me a comfortable bed for the night.

Full of delight with the new scenes I entered the cars of the Hudson River Railroad at a station as far down town as Chambers Street, and ascended the river, enjoying the magnificent scenery from my car window all the way to Cold Spring, a village situated three miles north of West Point. Being more in haste to get over to "the Point" than I should have been at any subsequent period of my cadet career, I walked to the ferry at the foot of the main street. At that time there were two rowboats and two weather-beaten old men to man them. As a rule there was but one oarsman for each boat. After some waiting and after getting a small trunk carried to the dock, I was helped, bag and baggage, on board. Three or four passengers joined me there. One of them, dressed in citizen's clothes, a fine-appearing, genteel, gentlemanly man, who years later gained a great reputation by being our antagonist at Bull Run, was Captain E. Kirby Smith. He talked with me pleasantly and drew me into a conversation which seemed to amuse him, as it doubtless reminded him of a like innocent period of his own life. I may pause a moment to say that between Boston and Fall River I had met Lieutenant Alley, who had just graduated from West Point, and who was my predecessor from our home district. He had warned me to be sure and dispose of my cane and put away my silk hat, articles of attire which had been badges of high college attainment in the Senior year at Bowdoin.

Having attained a little more modesty, if not humility, before I met Captain E. Kirby Smith, I was prepared to receive gratefully a few suggestions from him. He advised me to go to Roe's Hotel for the night; to visit the encampment of cadets near at hand; and to observe carefully all I could that evening and the next morning. I should have hastened, as my orders required, to report to the Superintendent or to his Adjutant as soon as I could find them after our landing, but Captain Smith said: "Better not hurry; you cannot report to the Adjutant or the Superintendent till to-morrow, at the orderly hour of nine o'clock." All these favoring providences enabled me to get a fair start without running upon the usual rocks of trouble that afflict a new cadet.

I found in the early morning two other cadets who had entered in June the year previous—it being now the twentieth of August—Cadets Webb and Stevens, who hailed from the State of Maine. Being themselves of the third class, which yields the drill-masters, of the grade of corporal, for new cadets, and also furnishes all those cadets who have hazing propensities, I had to endure at their hands a little chafing, but it never went further than an attempt to flatter me or feed me with taffy and to send me to the pump for buckets of water.

As I did not come in June I lost the "breaking in" which my June classmates had enjoyed, but there were several of us, some from the South and some from the North, who came in September and were therefore called "Septs." I recall "Sept" Stuart, whose last rank was Lieutenant-General J. E. B. Stuart, Lee's favorite cavalry leader; "Septs" H. W. Closson, H. V. Smalley and A. B. Chapman, with Wade, Black and a few others. For a time we were all drilled in two squads three or four times a day. Of the seven I have named with myself there were in time three general officers, three colonels and one lieutenant.

When I went to report to the Adjutant's office I found there, from Augusta, Maine, Captain Seth Williams, a most delightful, modest gentleman, who at once told me where to go and what to do. Without much friction or annoyance I speedily fell into the ways of camp life; but for those few days before passing to the barracks, on the first of September, it was a trial to be in civilian dress, because, with the facilities at hand, one could not keep it tidy.. I had kept no change of coat or trousers as I was soon to have the new uniform. The sleeping on the floor of a tent with one blanket under and one over was new business; and the being drummed to bed at tattoo and drummed out at reveille were hardships which of course became less and less so with experience; but the drill for all of us September cadets was tough from the beginning, and did not lose its severities till, after some twenty days, we had lost our petty distinction in the common dress of the cadets, which was then, as now, a suit of gray with bell buttons. A little corporal, who at the next January examination was found deficient, habitually drilled my squad. He gave us what was called "the set-up drill," and he did his work faithfully. Occasionally he would get impatient at my awkwardness. To put my little fingers on the seam of my trousers, draw my head back into place, keep

Headquarters of commanding officer, library and riding school

PHOTOS. FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA

The chapel

Beverly mansion

my stomach in, my chest well out and my heels together—this was sore work. Then to march with toes pointed downward, without breaking up the extraordinary position and stiffness of the body, caused amusement to lookers-on.

Transforming a Monkey into a Man

One day my corporal with despair in his voice cried out: "Why don't you stand up like a man and not look so much like a monkey?" How I bore all this without resistance I can hardly tell; perhaps it was because I had made to my good mother before I left home a peculiar promise which I was trying to keep; though under this promise I couldn't fight, I would have sold myself about that time for a sixpence. Perhaps in my awkwardness I could not have brought even that price. When I see the words "braced up" or "bracing up" applied to cadets' hazing I always think of the corporal and myself when he was trying to transform a monkey into a man.

There was one word that met me at West Point just as soon as I had been enrolled among the new cadets and assigned to Company "C," one of the four into which the corps of cadets is always divided—a word that chafed me and came near causing me many marks of demerit and some positive punishment. That word was "limits." It was usually associated with some other word—for example, "cadet limits," "camp limits," "barrack limits," "ordinary limits," or "extended limits." These expressions soon explained themselves. The "ordinary limits," for example, did not include Roe's Hotel. One day when I had permission to go to the hotel I was seen in the wash-room and noticed by one of our tactical officers. He reported the fact to Captain Alden, the Commandant of Cadets. His tent was nearest the river in the middle of the eastern line of the camp and faced westerly toward the Corps, so that as much of his command as possible, arranged in four companies abreast, A, B, C and D, might be constantly under his supervision. At the next orderly hour—eight in the morning—Captain Alden sent for me. While I stood at attention he picked up a piece of paper and read me the report, to wit, "Cadet Howard," between such and such an hour and of date the day before, "off limits." Then turning and looking at me he read my written excuse which I had handed in as soon as I heard my name published for this same delinquency at the previous evening parade. I think he hardly credited my excuse for its full face, but he said: "Mr. Howard, I remove the report this time, but see that you do not get off 'limits' again!"

As Saturday afternoon gave us "extended limits," during that day not only all the Plain and the slopes to the river, but Crow Nest and Fort Putnam, prominent heights to the west of us, were all open to cadets for a stroll. The first Saturday afternoon, with a classmate, I walked only around what is called "the Plain," a beautiful elevated plateau which had the cadet barracks, the academic building and the library on the south side. The monuments of Dade and his companions, and of Kosciuszko, the Forts Knox and Clinton, with the cadet encampment, were upon the eastern side and river slope. Roe's Hotel, the flagstaff, a fragment of the great chain which had spanned the Hudson River in Revolutionary times, the cannon and mortars surrendered at Saratoga, at Yorktown and in Mexico, and the monument, situated upon a high knoll, of Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Wood, a hero of Fort Erie in 1814, were on the north side. The west side was limited by a straight, nicely macadamized street bordered by walks and ornamented with shade trees of twenty or thirty years' growth. Beyond the western walk was at that time a high iron fence, behind which were the houses of the Commandant, the Superintendent and several other officers, from the northern line of the Plain to what were called the "new cadet barracks." The barracks were not quite finished. They fronted northward, were built of a light gray stone resembling granite, and had three stories and extended from the central sally-port one hundred and fifty feet to the right and left. There was also a wing abutting against the west flank and running back one hundred feet. This pile of buildings, by its central tower, its turrets and diamond windows, was very presentable in architectural effects as seen from the Plain or from the Hudson River.

As my companion and myself that afternoon stood near the sally-port of this building and faced northward where we could take in the bend of the Hudson against Constitution Island and around Gee's Point, the river thus apparently embracing our plateau, we took in a scene that always impresses the beholder who first views that up-river stretch of country. The city of Newburgh, seeming to be not far across the river though eight miles away, arose in beauty before us as the sun was shining upon it. Remember that we were in the Highlands and that every part of the scene—houses, shade trees, islands, and water then smooth as a lake—was framed in by glorious mountains and high shores all seemingly arranged for an attractive and beautiful picture.

Tears, Kisses and a Few Girlish Hugs

The return of the new second class, which had been on furlough during the encampment of the remainder of the Corps, was something that attracted the attention of the new cadets. Several coaches, one can hardly tell where they came from, shaped like the old New York omnibuses, came rolling up from the garrison's ferry southeast of the Plain. When they reached the front of the encampment the second class boys (with furlough suits for the most part—blue coats and trousers—with a sprinkling of citizens' dress among them) tumbled out of the doors, through the windows and off the drivers' seats and the tops of the coaches, each one to be embraced by some choice comrade of the waiting cadets of the first and third classes. They seemed to me to hug and kiss each other as girls do; the most were laughing but some were excited to tears. Looking upon this singular display I said to myself: "What a royal welcome! Perhaps this is the *esprit de corps* of which I have read in books."

The liveliest, busiest and strangest scene occurred the next day when we broke camp and moved into barracks. The breaking of camp, when all the tents come down at once, is ordinary work wherever there is a regiment or battalion of soldiers. But here every cadet had to bear his own burden in moving. For a while all the intervening space between the camp and the North Barracks was covered by the young men carrying bedding, blankets, camp stools, water buckets, clothing and whatever else had been allowed them during their sojourn in the field. Everything in the line of goods and chattels was carefully removed and carried to its new destination before the tents were struck; the battalion was then formed and marched to the south side of the new barracks. There, in the area parallel with the main building, this cadet-battalion was drawn up in two ranks facing south. Company A had the left, Company B came next, Company C next, and Company D held the right. In this same order the companies were put into barracks; but as the new buildings were not entirely finished and habitable, several of us were sent to the old North Barracks which I have described. In those the rooms were very large and I found myself the first night with three companions—Thomas J. Treadwell, of New Hampshire; Henry M. Lazelle, of Massachusetts, and Levi R. Brown, of Maine. Each had his iron bedstead, with mattress and bedding folded at the head. Each also had his place for gun and equipments against the wall, and each a compartment in the common clothespress. The washstand for each cadet and its proper accompaniment were at hand. There was an iron study-table for two, and a wooden chair apiece. My comrades had come in June and seemed a great way ahead of me in local knowledge. Each of the four took a week's turn as room orderly in care of the room. I hardly equaled them in anything till, about the fifteenth of September, I received and put on my first cadet uniform and was permitted to occupy a place in the rear rank of my company; my height of course regulated the exact position.

Editor's Note—The second and concluding paper in this series by General Howard will appear in the following issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

When the President Travels

By Henry Litchfield West

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S trip West will be the longest journey undertaken by him since his election to his high office. For more than a month a railroad train will be his moving home, and the citizens of the Republic will read with daily interest the story of his triumphal progress. This extended trip will be from Washington to California. The President will travel at least 10,000 miles. He will be seen and heard by hundreds of thousands of people, but only a few—a very few—will enjoy the privilege of being his fellow-passengers. And even these few will know but little of the details of running the President's train or of the precautions necessary to avoid mishap. These details are the more interesting because in this country the railroad officials cannot paralyze the business of their roads, closing all the stations and withdrawing all the trains, as was done in England whenever the Queen traveled. They must assure absolute safety to the President without inconveniencing the traveling public.

It goes without saying, in these days of competition and advertising, that the President does not lack for opportunity to accept the courtesy of railroads. In fact, the rivalry for his favor begins as soon as his proposed tour is hinted at in the newspapers. When the route has been selected, the private car of the president of the road is placed at the disposal of the President of the United States. These private cars are generally very plain as to the outside, being painted the standard color of the road and distinguished by an inconspicuous number, but within they are planned for every comfort and furnished with every convenience. The chef of the car always accompanies it, for the President's meals are served privately, no matter how well appointed the accompanying dining car may be. The larder is filled by the chef, who is given carte blanche, and the President rarely troubles himself about the menu. Mr. McKinley asks only plain, well-cooked food. He has not the epicurean tastes of the late President Arthur, for example, and the chef finds him not difficult to please.

The important position which the chef occupies was well illustrated by two incidents on the trip of the President to the Nashville Exposition. On the way South the chef cooked a mess of trout with such perfect skill that he was summoned to the Executive's presence for deserved commendation. When the message was conveyed to the chef, the answer was as unexpected as it was firm. "If the President wants me," he said, surveying his little kingdom of pots and pans, "he can find me here." And there, it might be added, the chef remained.

The other incident occurred at Chattanooga. The train was to start at two o'clock on Monday morning, the President desiring to avoid Sunday travel, but the night was so unbearably hot that the President sanctioned the moving of the train at ten o'clock Sunday night to a suburb about eight miles from the city. Everybody was on board except the chef. That independent and indispensable gentleman appeared at the station at two o'clock in the morning, according to the original schedule time. Imagine his surprise when he found an engine and coach in waiting for him. He rode in solitary dignity out to the suburb and was then transferred to the President's car. "It is the first time I ever knew of a special train being run for a cook," said the superintendent of the road with disgust in his voice, as he gave orders to have the engine and coach sent back to the city.

In the preparation for a Presidential trip the one overwhelming, overshadowing consideration is the safe conveyance of the President to his destination and his unharmed return. Not only would an accident be a national calamity, but the road guilty of the negligence which made the mishap possible would never recover from public censure.

Mr. McKinley's Traveling Picket Line

First of all, the percentage of possibility of accident is reduced to a minimum in the selection of cars for the President's train. New coaches, which have just left the shop, are preferred. Axles, wheels, springs, journals, brakes, couplings—in fact, all of the important factors in the make-up of a train—are carefully examined and tested before being allowed to depart with their precious human freight. The engine selected is the best in the service and is run by the most reliable engineer in each division of the road, the man upon whom the company can rely for the exercise of caution and of the best judgment in time of emergency. In no case, however, is he allowed to bear alone the responsibilities of his important position. On the opposite side of the cab sits a man less grimy, perhaps, and without overalls. He is the road foreman of the division. Neither the engineer nor the road foreman speaks to the other as the train rolls swiftly along. Their eyes are on the long line of steel rails that stretches away into the distance, but they are thinking of the smooth-faced, dark-eyed man who is in the rear car, smiling and conversing with his friends, and in whom all the greatness of the Republic is personified. They feel their heavy responsibility, and they give a sigh of relief when the end of their division is reached.

"Thank God!" said one division superintendent to another, in my hearing, at Charlottesville, Virginia. "There's the President and there's his train! Take them, and may good luck go with you."

As the train glides beside rivers, through valleys and over mountains, new faces appear. Quiet men, who seem to know no one except the conductors and other railway employees, slip into some vacant seat in a sleeping car or sit and smoke in the combination car just behind the engine. They chat with each other, occasionally glancing at their watches, and are always alert. They are the division superintendents, masters of transportation or men holding other responsible positions.

"Suppose," I remarked to one of these officials when we were together on a President's train, "that some evil-disposed person should displace a rail for the purpose of killing the President?"

"Any attempt to wreck this train, with design upon the life of the President," was the emphatic reply, "would have to be carried into execution in less than five minutes. Just before we left the last station an engine, with two men in the cab, slipped out upon the main track and is now just ahead of the President's train. If anybody has displaced a rail, or set fire to a bridge, or opened a switch, the engine ahead will feel the blow. It is our picket line. Between the passing of that engine over the track and the coming of the President's train there is not time enough for any one to displace a rail."

"The track is clear, of course?"

"The track is not only clear at the present time, but it has been for the past twelve hours. Not a wheel of a freight train has turned all day."

"Afraid of collisions?"

"Oh, no," was the smiling answer. "We can guard against collisions. We cannot, however, prevent the breaking down of some old freight car. It would be just our luck, if freight were moving, to have a car jump from the rails, or an axle break, or something else happen to blockade the track and delay this train. We could not afford to have the President kept waiting in the woods for four or five hours. The safest way is the best way, and so at present all our freight trains are on sidings."

Precautions Extraordinary Along the Line

The pilot engine ahead is on the lookout for danger. Three miles behind the President's train is another engine, following steadily so as to be available in case of any mishap. This is another detail of precaution. It is easy enough, however, to arrange these minor matters of right of way, a clear track and steady progress. The fun comes when, after the President's train has passed, the side-tracked trains are brought upon the main line. The schedule has been all disarranged, trains are ordered to meet and pass at unaccustomed stations, and there is general confusion all along the road. It takes a day or two to get back to the usual routine.

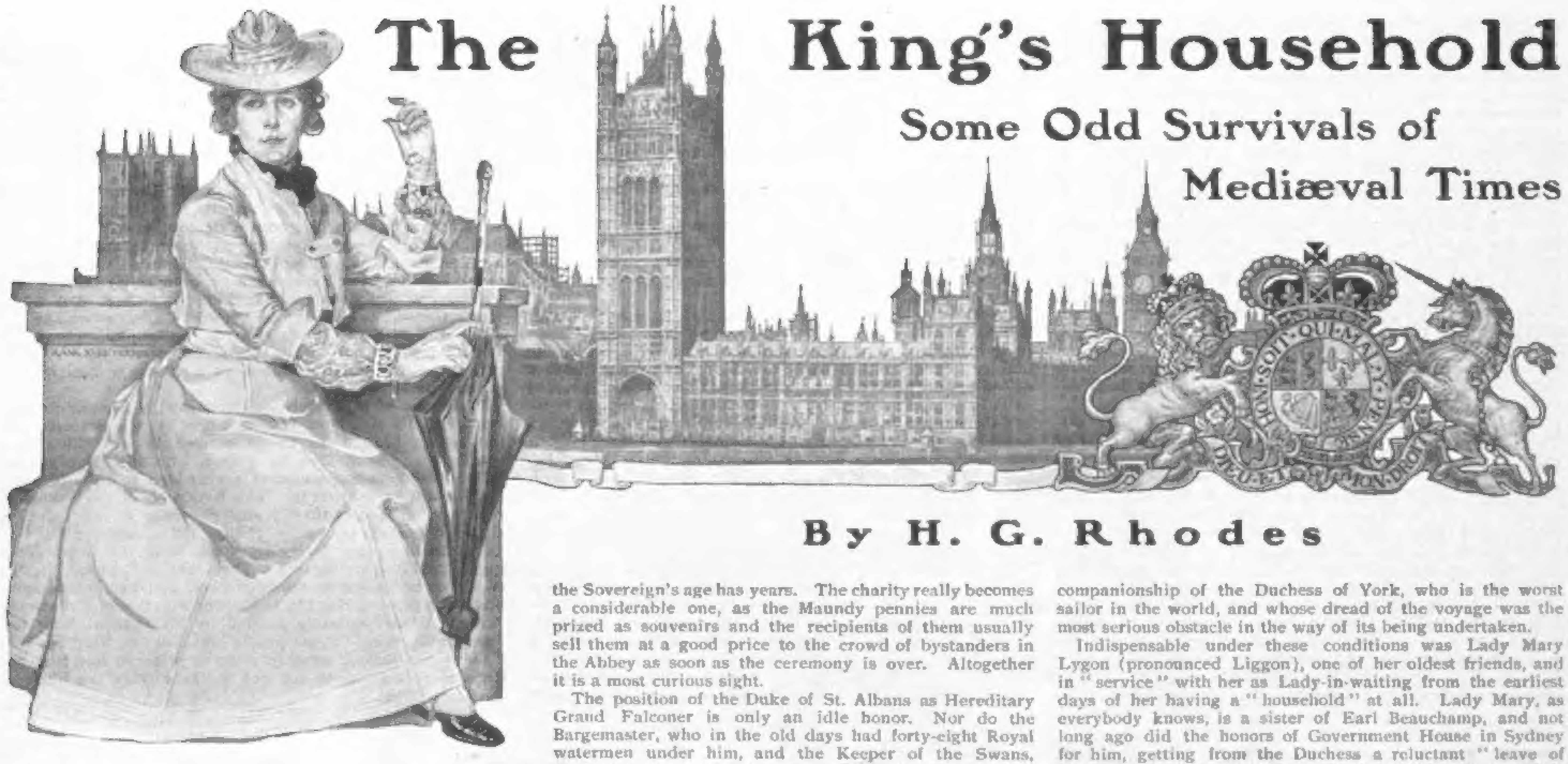
"And yet," I remark during a lull in the conversation, "something may happen that you cannot foresee?" The answer comes from the strong-visaged man over in the corner. He is the master of transportation of the road.

"Oh, yes," he says with composure, "something may happen, but after we have reduced the chances of that 'something' to a minimum, we can only trust in Providence. Why," he continued, "this road is patrolled to-night with the same thoroughness and care that a police force patrols a city. There is a man at every bridge and tunnel, and every switch has been examined and tested. Comparatively speaking, the train is running between a file of men on each side of the track. You are as safe here to-night as you would be in your own home. At every station which we pass—no matter what may be the time of night—the agent is on duty, personally inspecting his switches and his lamps."

Is it any wonder that the President sleeps peacefully while the steaming, hissing locomotive plunges on into the night? Is it strange that he leaves without hesitation the certain security of the White House for the apparently more dangerous train? Certainly not, when he knows of the precautions which have been taken to insure his absolute safety.

The King's Household

Some Odd Survivals of Mediæval Times



By H. G. Rhodes

IT WAS reported, a while ago, that Mr. William Waldorf Astor was trying to become Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, which holding carries with it the right of being the King's Champion at the Coronation Banquet, and which at the last two coronations, when there was no banquet, has meant a knighthood to the Lord of the Manor. There is another manor-house which carries with itself a delightfully quaint privilege, and which seems to have been forgotten by those who were recommending this curious path to fame for Mr. Astor. At the coronation of the Sovereign in Westminster Abbey, after the imperial mantle, the "Dalmatic cloth of gold," has been put on, and the ruby ring, it is the right of the Lord of the Manor of Worksop in Nottinghamshire to advance and present his Sovereign with a "pair of rich gloves." The manor-house is now occupied by a Mr. John Robinson, a Nottingham manufacturer, although the manorial rights belong to the Duke of Newcastle. Something might be arranged here, and Mr. Astor might thus be a unique figure at the coronation festivities.

The Armored Champion on a White Horse

Of course the Champion is unexcelled in picturesqueness. It is his right, before the second course of the banquet at Westminster Hall is served, to appear at the door mounted on a white horse, and in full armor. He dismounts and advances toward the throne. Three times in his progress his herald announces in quaintly formal terms the Champion's offer to engage in combat with any one who challenges the Sovereign's title. At each proclamation the Champion throws down his gauntlet. When he arrives at the throne a gold cup of wine is brought to the King, who pledges the Champion and then hands him the cup. From it the latter drinks, and finally departs, keeping the cup as his reward.

The official court has still many hereditary offices which are no more than sinecures, but which have occasionally curious rights and duties. The hereditary office of Lord Great Chamberlain, now shared by the Earl of Ancaster, Earl Carrington and the Marquess of Cholmondeley, carries with it the technical right to forty ells of crimson velvet for the robes to be worn on the coronation day. On that day it is the duty of the Lord Great Chamberlain to carry the Royal wearing apparel to the King. For this he is entitled to the bed, the furniture of the room and the King's nightgown as a fee. Before as well as after dinner he claims the right to serve the Monarch with water for his hands, and to have the costly basin and towels as his fee. These fees have of late been compounded—that is, a simple money payment has been made instead. But Edward VII has a certain taste for pageantry, and possibly his coronation may witness some revivals of old usages.

The duties of the Hereditary Grand Almoner, at present the Marquess of Exeter, are not onerous. At coronation he distributes at the Abbey certain alms from a silver dish. For this his fee was formerly the silver dish with a tun of wine and the napkin which covered the dish. But his rights have been curtailed now and he receives only the dish.

The Lord High Almoner, on the other hand, who may be changed with the Ministry, has an office in Scotland Yard, and twice a year distributes certain Royal alms. But his best known appearance is on Maundy Thursday, the day before Good Friday, when Westminster Abbey is always crowded to witness the distribution of the Sovereign's Maundy Money. The recipients of this charity are old men and women, equal in number to the years of the Sovereign's age. To each one the Bishop of Ely gives silver pennies, as many pennies as the Sovereign's age has years. The charity really becomes a considerable one, as the Maundy pennies are much prized as souvenirs and the recipients of them usually sell them at a good price to the crowd of bystanders in the Abbey as soon as the ceremony is over. Altogether it is a most curious sight.

The position of the Duke of St. Albans as Hereditary Grand Falconer is only an idle honor. Nor do the Bargemaster, who in the old days had forty-eight Royal watermen under him, and the Keeper of the Swans, serve any very useful purpose. There used to be, and technically still are, among the Yeomen of the Guard six who are called Yeomen Hangers, and two known as Yeomen Bedgoers, whose duties were respectively to attend to the hangings and tapestries of the Royal apartments and to take charge of all beds during Royal removals.

In the immediate *entourage* of Queen Victoria the Duchess of Buccleuch, as Mistress of the Robes, was perhaps the most dignified figure. The Mistress does nothing with her own hands nor is she in residence at the Palace, but on every state occasion she supervises the putting on of the Royal mantle. Her influence with the Queen is supposed to be considerable, and she is the only member of the Royal household who changes with a change in government. This was settled in 1839, after the rather acute crisis which is known as the "Bedchamber Question."

The corresponding post with the King bears the curious title of Groom of the Stole. The stole itself is a narrow vest, lined with crimson sarcenet and embroidered with roses, *fleurs-de-lis*, and a crown. When the redoubtable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was in power during the reign of Queen Anne, she herself bore both titles.

The Master of the Buckhounds seems likely to disappear from the Royal household. For a long time there has been bitter opposition to the Royal Hunt at Windsor, as stag hunting is no longer regarded as decently humane. The buckhounds will probably be made foxhounds, or disappear altogether. The Master has certain official duties at the Ascot race meeting. Perhaps he can perform them even if the hounds are no more. It seems absurd that in so old a country as England there should be wild deer, yet on Exmoor in Devonshire the red deer are in such numbers that the farmers of the surrounding region claim that the hunt is there a necessity. And this is only eight hours from London.

* * *

The Heir Apparent's Household

His Traveling Companions on the Ophir

TO GIVE to the next King of England, the present Duke of Cornwall and York, a broad idea of the size, importance and peculiarities of the Empire that he is some day to rule, the Duke has been sent on a tour that will occupy from eight to nine months, and in which he will cover a distance of some forty thousand miles.

Accompanied by his Duchess and by a party of aides and friends, the Duke left Portsmouth on March 16, and sailing through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and across the Indian Ocean, is expected to reach Melbourne early in May. The party are on board of H. M. S. Ophir.

After spending some time at various points in Australia the Duke will sail for South Africa by way of the old colony of Mauritius, and is expected to be at Cape Town about the middle of August. Thence the Ophir, with its Royal party, will sail northwesterly across the Atlantic, touching at Cape Vincent on the way, and will reach Halifax about the middle of September. Some time will be spent at Quebec and other points in eastern Canada, and the Duke is expected to reach England again about the first of November.

The suite of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, on their Imperial journey, is variously composed of members of their permanent household and of "extras" chosen for this great occasion only. Never before have the Duke and Duchess had so large a following. It is their first foretaste, on this scale, of the future pomp and circumstance of reigning Royalty. Naturally the most carefully considered appointments were those affecting the personal comfort and companionship of the Duchess of York, who is the worst sailor in the world, and whose dread of the voyage was the most serious obstacle in the way of its being undertaken.

Indispensable under these conditions was Lady Mary Lygon (pronounced Liggon), one of her oldest friends, and in "service" with her as Lady-in-waiting from the earliest days of her having a "household" at all. Lady Mary, as everybody knows, is a sister of Earl Beauchamp, and not long ago did the honors of Government House in Sydney for him, getting from the Duchess a reluctant "leave of absence" for that purpose. She has held, too, a public position at home as Mayoress of Worcester, when her brother, acting on the Disraelian axiom that "the gentlemen of England are useless unless they are the leaders of the people of England," accepted the civic chair. Madresfield Court, Malvern Link, the family seat of the Beauchamps, is one of the "show" places of Worcestershire, and in its ballroom Lady Mary Lygon has often been the admitted belle as well as the best dancer. She has, besides, a marvelous power of saying "no." Hence it is that she has reached the age of thirty-two and managed to remain single. Her two younger sisters have both "settled" in life—one as the wife of Lord Ampthill, and the other as Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour, her husband a Captain of Grenadier Guards. Lady Mary has always declared that she wants to "see more of the world" before settling down for better or for worse. She has now her literal wish.

The Babes of the Party are Left at Home

Lady Katherine Grey Coke is the elderly and staid member of the party. She was Lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Teck, and has seen as much of "Princess May," almost from the time of her birth, as if she had been her own daughter. Lady Katherine's own daughter, Mrs. Crutchley, is a well-known woman in society, having the reputation of being the best amateur actress alive, barring, perhaps, Miss Muriel Wilson. The talent is hereditary, for Lady Katherine Coke (pronounced Cook, by the way) was herself distinguished on the private boards, and has always been devoted to music, punctual at concerts, unfailing, too, at picture "private-views." She was one of the earliest friends of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and perhaps the sincerest mourner at his funeral.

The Honorable Mrs. Derek Keppel is a supernumerary of the Royal party, albeit a particularly welcome one. The indispensable Major the Honorable Derek Keppel did not care to go away for seven and a half months without his wife; and with so excellent an excuse for adding her to the party the addition was made. Mrs. Keppel had to undergo one parting in any case: she said good-by to a very young baby. That is a point on which she has had unbounded sympathy from the Duchess of Cornwall. "Are you taking baby?" had been the frequent question put to Mrs. Keppel by the casual friend who makes unintentionally cruel inquisition. The quavering but conclusive answer was always the same: "The Cornwalls aren't taking their own." Mrs. Derek Keppel, as an attendant on Royalty, is to the manner born—so many members of her family, the Harbords, served Queen Victoria, and her father, Lord Suffield, is Lord of the Bedchamber to the King.

The Honorable Derek Keppel, the Duke of Cornwall's Equerry, has the good fortune to be at once useful and ornamental. White's Club, with its famous bow (and *beau*) window in St. James' Street, loses during his absence on the Ophir one of its most attractive as well as one of its most familiar figures. He has a strong resemblance to his elder brother, the Earl of Albemarle, both of them being types of the best sort of sporting Englishmen. Like yet another brother, the Honorable George Keppel—who is at present in the United States, where his wife (the greatest intimate at Marlborough House, where she dines now nearly every night) will join him in the autumn—the departed Equerry has the knack of always appearing to be particularly well dressed. Not that he gives anything of that attention to clothes which Stevenson said "is a shame in a man;" nor yet has any of that air of being garmented anew which is, for instance, Mr. Chamberlain's. But by good luck he looks always well, and everything fits him—even his uniforms. Of these he required a goodly supply before he set sail. A rather sore subject with equerries in general is the cost of the trappings of office. Gold lace absorbs most of the very few hundred pounds a year the office carries; and the Keppel younger sons did not inherit very much more from their father than his very good name. From their mother they have Canadian traditions, to be remembered by Mr. Derek Keppel when he reaches the Dominion; for she was the daughter of the Honorable Sir Allan Napier NcNab, a predecessor of Sir Wilfred Laurier in the Canadian premiership. Mr. Derek Keppel is thirty-eight years of age, was educated at Charterhouse, remained a member of the Church of England when his father joined the Church of Rome, to the slight perturbation of Lord Beaconsfield, whose Under-Secretary of State for War he then was; married, three years ago, the lady of whom mention has been made; has everybody's good will; and no grief—except, perhaps, that an Equerry is expected to take a hansom in St. James' Street when otherwise he would mount (again to quote his father's friend, Dizzy) "the cheap but convenient omnibus." Cheap *and* convenient, Mr. Derek Keppel would rather say, removing the chance slight thrown on what is "cheap" by that conciliatory "but."

The Club that Entertained the Pope

Of Lord Wenlock, who was Governor of Madras for five years at the beginning of the nineties—and who chose that Presidency as the one at which least expense in entertaining is incurred—there is not much to say except that he is smart and good-looking, and that, although his mother was a Grosvenor, his means are so small that he has to let the family place in Yorkshire. In taking out her brother the Duchess of Cornwall makes a very popular and agreeable addition to the staff of the Ophir. Captain Prince Alexander of Teck, C. V. O., was born at Kensington Palace twenty-seven years ago, educated at Eton and Sandhurst, entered the Seventh Hussars, and served in Matabeleland and South Africa, whence he returned late last year. The good-looking Prince makes an excellent A. D. C. for his brother-in-law. Lieutenant Sir Charles Cust, R. N., has served as Equerry to the Duke of Cornwall for nine years. All that time he has been a popular member of the Naval and Military Club—Lord Palmerston's old house in Piccadilly, in the drawing-room of which, by the way, Leo XIII attended one of Lady Palmerston's receptions in 1843—certainly the only salon in London which boasts such an association with a Pope.

Sir Arthur Bigge, who goes on the Ophir as Private Secretary, learned his business very thoroughly when he served the late Queen in the same capacity. When the household of Queen Victoria was disbanded by her death, the King, with his own Private Secretaries already about him, was happy to be able to suggest Sir Arthur for the post of honor that he now fills.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K. C. I. E., is a Scotsman who knows his France nearly as well as Mr. Bodley knows it, and who has traveled or lived besides in Germany, Russia and Turkey. He acted as Private Secretary to two Viceroys of India, Lords Dufferin and Lansdowne, and he was attached as Political Officer to the Czarowitz during his tour in India and Ceylon ten years ago. He is a man of the Times, having been Director of its Foreign Department; and there is still, special Parliamentary denials notwithstanding, a connection between Sir Donald on the Ophir and Printing House Square. Sir Donald is a member of the Athenæum Club—the only club, according to Henry Kingsley, that wives should encourage; but, perhaps because he is a bachelor, he also belongs to the Marlborough and the St. James.

The expedition has its illustrators as well as its scribe. Mr. Sydney Hall, the well-known artist of the Graphic, was on the Indian tour of the Prince of Wales, which means that he is a certain age, as well as a very popular companion. He has a great eye for likenesses, and he himself will be greeted everywhere by his resemblance to the late Mr. Parnell. Of the Chevalier de Martino, who paints water-colors of water and knows the points of a ship, it is enough to say that he is one of the seniors of the company, that he was born in Naples, that he served in the Italian Navy, and that, coming to England, he was nominated Marine Painter to Queen Victoria. It is interesting to see that the position of Royal Marine Painter apparently carries with it some duties. It was thought to be a mere sinecure. Perhaps De Martino's excellent Italian—the only excellent Italian on board the Ophir—may be of some service during its historic cruise.

Various A. D. C.'s go to add to the gayety of nations—Commander B. Godfrey-Fausset, R. N.; Major James Bor, R. M. A.; Captain Viscount Crichton, and the Duke of Roxburghe. The greatest interest naturally attaches to the last two names in the list. Lord Crichton is the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Erne, is not yet quite thirty years of age, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, is a Captain of Royal Horse Guards, belongs to the Bachelors' Club as well as the Turf, and will be much missed in "rapid" circles in London, as he was during his recent South African campaigning. He has this distinction also—he is the Irishman of the expedition.

The Duke of Roxburghe (a Scotsman) is five-and-twenty, has held his title and estates since he was sixteen, and has shown himself to be in earnest in one thing—his soldiering. From Eton he passed into the Highlanders, relinquishing this commission a year later in order to enter the Royal Horse Guards. The formation of the composite regiment of Household Cavalry gave the young man his chance of active service in South Africa, whence he, like Lord Crichton, but lately returned, none the worse for a tough spell of campaigning. The Duke is the most eligible of his order in the marriage-market, and rumor has associated his name during the last weeks with that of a charming American heiress, lately painted by Mr. Sargent, long resident in England. Some people hint that the King has sent "the young Duke" away in order to preserve him from the disaster of a father-in-law not in favor since the affair of Berkeley-Milne.

The Outcasts *By* W. A. Fraser

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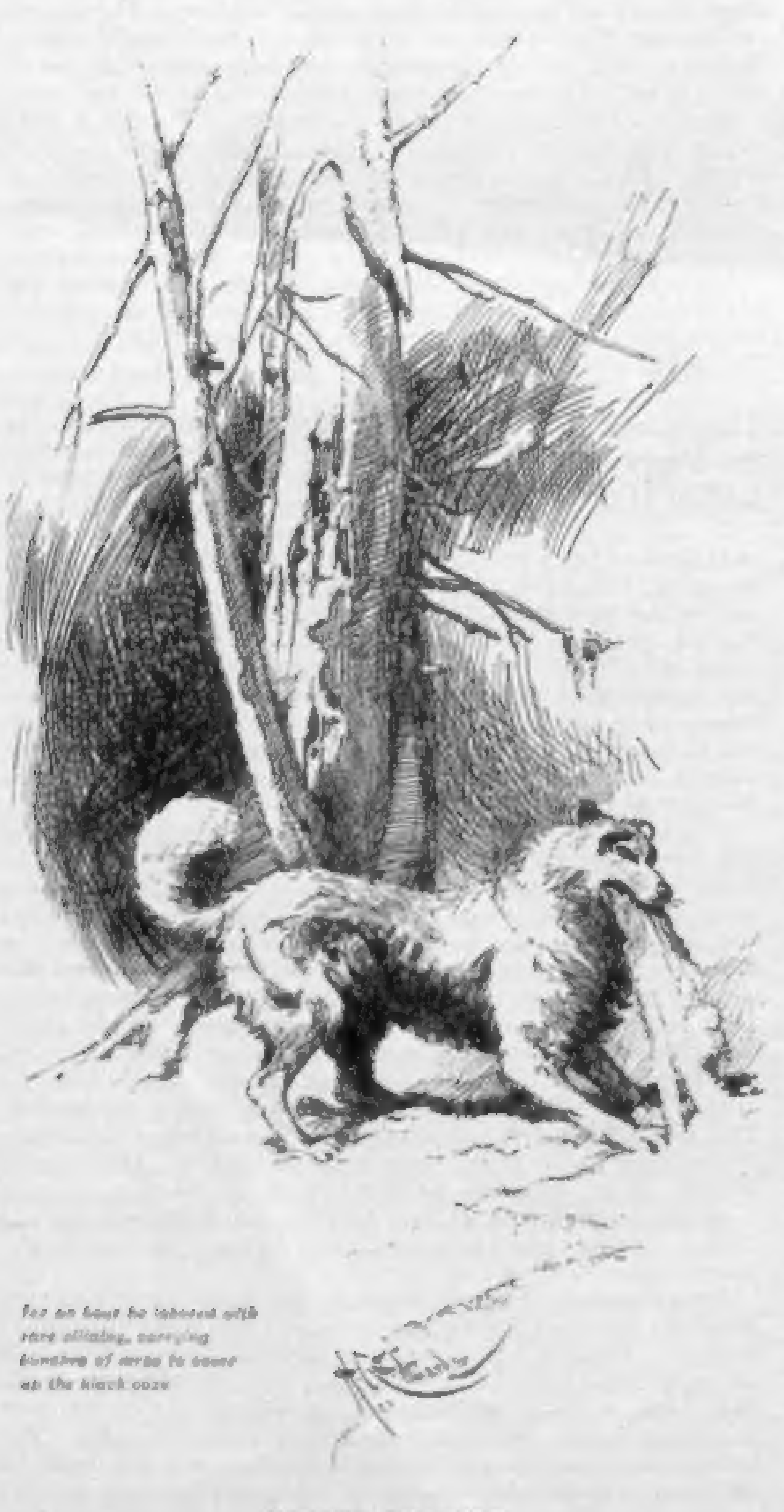


For an hour he labored with rare diligence, carrying bundles of grass to cover up the black ooze

FOURTH CHAPTER

IN THE morning A'tim had for his breakfast a wistful remembrance of the yesterday's eating—that was all; while Shag made a frugal meal off the bronzed grass, fast curing on its stem for the winter forage.

"There'll be good eating here for the Grass Feeders," he said, grinding leisurely at the wild hay.

"Indeed there will," answered the Dog-Wolf. "The Grass Feeders will wax fat for the benefit of the Meat Eaters. I wish one would come my way now," he sighed hungrily.

"We are almost half way," continued A'tim, as he trotted beside the long-striding Bull.

"I'm glad of that, Brother. My foot joints are not so well oiled as they once were, and are getting hot and dry. Strange that we should not see some of our cousins, is it not, Dog-Wolf?"

"I saw one yesterday," answered A'tim.

"Aye, Brother, and he saw you, too."

"Else I had eaten him," added the Dog-Wolf.

"A Coyote?" asked Shag incredulously; "eat a Coyote? Impossible! No animal ever ate a Coyote!"

"No animal ever was so hungry as I was yesterday before Wie-sah-ke led me to the fat bacon."

"It's terribly dreary," said Shag, returning again to his first thought; "no Elk, no Antelope, no Buffalo, no Indian Cayuse. Why is it? Has Man killed them all off, as he has done with my people?"

"Yes, Man, and the Man-fire. From the black that is underneath this new grass I know that last year the Man-fire swept over this land faster and straighter than a Wolf Pack gallops——"

Suddenly he broke off and made a fierce rush into the prairie. A brown Cow-Bird flew up and lighted on Shag's horn. The Dog-Wolf rose on his hind legs and snapped viciously at the Bird.

"Steady, Dog-Wolf, steady," admonished Shag; "this is a friend of mine. Do you not know the Cow-Bird, who is always with the Herd?"

"Who is your friend?" asked the Cow-Bird of Shag. "Queer company you keep, Great Bull; a Herd Leader leading a Wolf is new to me."

"I'm no Wolf, Scavenger!" retorted A'tim. "I'm a Dog; I'll crack your——"

"Perhaps, perhaps," retorted the Cow-Bird.

"Perhaps what?" snarled A'tim.

"Perhaps you're a Dog, and perhaps you will crack my—neck, you were going to say. Are you leading the Bull to your Wolf Pack, perhaps—Dog?"

"Never mind, Comrades," interrupted Shag. "We are glad of your company, little Cow-Bird—are we not, A'tim?"

"Yes," answered the Dog-Wolf, licking his chops, and looking treacherously from the corner of his slit eyes at the Bird.

"Where are you going, Great Bull?" asked the Cow-Bird, spreading his deep-brown wings mockingly, as though he would fly down on the Dog-Wolf's head.

"To the Northland."

"I know," quoth the Bird; "but I stick to the plains; why, I don't know, for there are few Buffalo now. This summer I made a long trip. I started in at Edmonton with a Herd of the Man's Buffalo."

"I've seen them," said Shag; "great clumsy things without shape or make; as big behind as they are in front; of a verity the shape of their own carts."

"Well," continued the Bird, "there was a matter of a dozen of these creatures tied to a four-wheeled cart, and I followed the Herd through to the place they call Fort Garry. But I got tired of it—day after day the same thing. What I like is to fly about. Now, I'll travel with you to-day, just for companionship, and to-morrow I shall be off with some new friend."

"Perhaps," mumbled the Wolf in a gruff undertone.

"Did you speak, Wolf?" perked the Bird.

"I said, 'Good riddance,'" snapped A'tim.

"He, he, he!" laughed the Cow-Bird; "your friend is pleasant company, Great Bull."

That night the two Outcasts and the Cow-Bird camped together, near the Saskatchewan River; the brown body curled up contentedly on Shag's horn, while the Dog-Wolf slept against his paunch.

In the morning the Cow-Bird was gone. "Have you seen him?" Shag asked of A'tim.

"He flew away early," answered the Dog-Wolf.

"He should have taken all his coat with him," answered Shag, thrusting from his mouth a bunch of grass in which were three brown feathers.

"He flew far away," affirmed A'tim sheepishly.

"The length of your gullet, Dog-Wolf," declared Shag. "Thou must be wondrous hungry to eat one of our own party—a cannibal."

A'tim answered nothing as they journeyed down along the steep, heavily wooded river bank, its soft shale sides slid into mighty terraces, but in his heart was a murder thought, as he eyed the great bulk of his Brother Outcast, that he would also eat him.

They passed over the broad Saskatchewan, running emerald green between its high, pink-earthed banks, through a long, tortuous ford, taking Shag to the belly and half way up his ribs. As they topped the north bank and rested after the steep climb, A'tim pointed his nose to a distant flat where nestled the white stockaded fort of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"That's Fort Edmonton," he said bitterly; "and see the cluster of teepees all about, thick as Muskrat lodges in a muskeg. Because of the dwellers within there is no eating to be had here for me. Cree Indians, and Half-breeds, and Palefaces, all searching the country for something to kill; and when they have slaughtered the Beaver, and Marten, and Foxes, and everything else that has life, they bring the pelts there and get firewater, which burns their stomachs and sets their brains on fire. An honest hunter like myself, who only kills to stay the hunger that is bred in him, has no chance; we must sneak and steal, or die."

"But there will be much waste of the bacon food there, surely, A'tim. Why do you not replenish the stomach that is but a curse to you, being empty, at the lodges we see?"

"No, friend Bull," answered the Dog-Wolf; "unwittingly enough I nearly caused you disaster the last time I fed at Man's expense. That time there was but one hunter; here are many, and they would slay you quick enough."

This was all a lie; the Dog-Wolf had no such consideration for his Brother Outcast. At the Fort were fierce-fanged hounds that would run him to earth of a certainty should he venture near; either that, or if caught he would be quickly clapped into a Dog Train, and made to push against a collar. Many a weary day of that he had in his young days; he would rather starve as a vagabond. Also, would he not perhaps fall heir to the eating that was on the body of the huge Bull?

"No, Brother," he said decisively; "we shall soon come to a land with food for both of us; let us go."

Toward the Athabasca they journeyed. The prairie was almost done with, only patches of it now like fields; poplar and willow and birch growing everywhere, and beyond the Sturgeon River, tiny forests of gnarled, stunted jack-pine, creeping wearily from a soft carpet of silver and emerald moss which lay thick upon the white sand hills. Little red berries, like blood stars, peeped at them from the setting of silk lace moss—wintergreen berries, and grouse berries, and low-bush cranberries, all blushing a furious red.

"I could sleep here forever," muttered Shag, as he rolled in luxurious content on this forest rug.

"I can't sleep because of my hunger pains," snarled A'tim. "You who are well fed care not how I fare." A'tim was petulantly unreasonable.

Shag looked at the Dog-Wolf wonderingly. "I'm sorry for you, for your hunger, Dog Brother. Did I not call lovingly to a Moose Calf but to-day, thinking to entice him your way?"

"Yes, and frightened the big-nosed, spindle-legged suckling with your gruff voice, so that what should have been an easy stalk turned out a long chase for nothing."

"Well, well," responded Shag soothingly, "no doubt you will soon have food—this can't go on forever, this barrenness of the woods; I'm sorry for you, for once I had nothing to eat for days and days. That was ten seasons of the Calf-gathering since—I remember it well. The White Storm came in the early Cold Time, and buried the whole Range to the depth of my belly. We Buffalo did nothing but drift, drift, drift—like locusts, or dust before the wind. We always go head-on to a storm, for our heads are warm clothed with much hair, but when it lasts for days and days we grow weary, and just drift, looking for food, for grass. I remember, at Pot Hole, which is a deep coulee, and has always been a great shelter to us in such times, on one side was some grass still bare of the White Storm; but the Buffalo were so many they ate it as locusts might—quicker than I tell it. As I have said, Dog-Wolf, I lived for a month off the fat that was in my loins about the kidneys, for I had never a bite to eat. Then the fat, aye, even the red meat, commenced to melt from my hump and my neck, even to my legs, and I grew weak—so weak I could hardly crawl. Many of us died; first the Cow Mothers, giving up their lives for the Calves, A'tim; then the old people; we who were in the middle of life (for I was a Smooth Horn then, Brother, and Leader of the Herd) lived through this terrible time.

"It was a great weeding out of the Herd; it was like the sweep of the fire breath that bares the prairie only to make the grass come up stronger and sweeter again. Longingly we waited for our friend, the gentle Chinook, to come up out of the Southwest; but this time it must have got lost in the mountains, for only the South wind, which is always cold, or a blizzard breath from the Northwest blew across the bleak, white-covered Buffalo land.

"One night, just as I thought I must surely die before morning, a sweet moisture came into my nostrils, and I knew that our Wind Brother, the Chinook, had found us at last. The sun smiled at us in the morning and warmed the white cover, and by night we could see the grass; next day the White Storm was all gone. So, Brother Outcast, I, too, know what it is to be hungry. Have a strong heart—food will be sent."

"Sent!" snapped A'tim crabbedly; "who will send it? Will my Gray Half-Brothers, who are Wolves, send it—come and lay a dead Caribou at my feet? Will the Train Dogs, of whose kind I am, come and feed me with White Fish—the dried Fish their drivers give them so sparingly?"

"I cannot say, Dog-Wolf; but surely food does not come of one's own thinking. The grass does not grow because of me, but for me. The Animals all say it is our God, Wie-sah-ke-chack, who sends the eating."

"E-u-h-h!" yawned A'tim sulkily, swinging his head in petulant irritation; "I must have meat, no matter where it comes from; I can't starve." There was a covert threat in the Dog-Wolf's voice, but Shag did not notice it—his mind was above that sort of thing.

In the evening, as they entered a little thicket of dogberry bushes growing in low land, a small brown shadow flitted across their path. With a snarl A'tim was after it, crushing through the long, dry, spikelike grass in hot pursuit. Shag waited.

Back and forth, up and down, in and out, double and twist, sometimes near and sometimes far, but always with the "Ghur-r-r!" of the Dog-Wolf's breath coming to Shag's ears, the shadow and its pursuer chased. Suddenly Shag started as a plaintive squeak died away in a harsh growl of exultation.

"He has him," muttered Shag; "this will stay the clamor of his hunger talk, I hope."

The well-blown Dog-Wolf came back carrying a Hare. "Hardly worth the trouble," he said disdainfully, laying the fluffy figure down at Shag's feet. "Now I know of a surety why the Flesh Feeders have fled the Boundaries; it is the plague year of Wapoos. This thing that should be fat, and of tender juiciness, is but a skin full of bones; there are even the plague lumps in his throat. There is almost as much poison in this carrion as in a Trapper's bait; but I must eat of it, for I am wondrous hungry."

"I, also, have eaten bad food in my time," said Shag; "great pains in the stomach I've had from it. Some seasons the White Storm would come early in the Cold Time, and cover the grass not yet fully ripened into seed. It would hold warm because of this, and grow again, and become green; then the white cover would go, and the grass would freeze and become sour to the tongue. Mou-u-ah! but all through the Cold Time I would have great pains. How far do we go now, A'tim, till we rest in the Northland?"

"Till there is food for both of us."

"Quite true," concurred Shag. "We must go on until you also have food, my friend."

It was coming up the bank out of La Biche River that A'tim, perfectly mad with hunger, made a vicious snap at the Bull's leg, just above the hock, meaning to hamstring him. Shag flipped about and faced the Dog-Wolf.

"What is this, A'tim?" he demanded, lowering his horns and stamping in vexed restlessness.

"A big fly of the Bull-Dog kind. I snapped at him, and in my eagerness grazed your leg."

Shag tossed his huge head unbelievingly, and snorted through his dilated nostrils. "There are no Bull-Dogs now, A'tim; they were killed off days since by the white-striped Hornets."

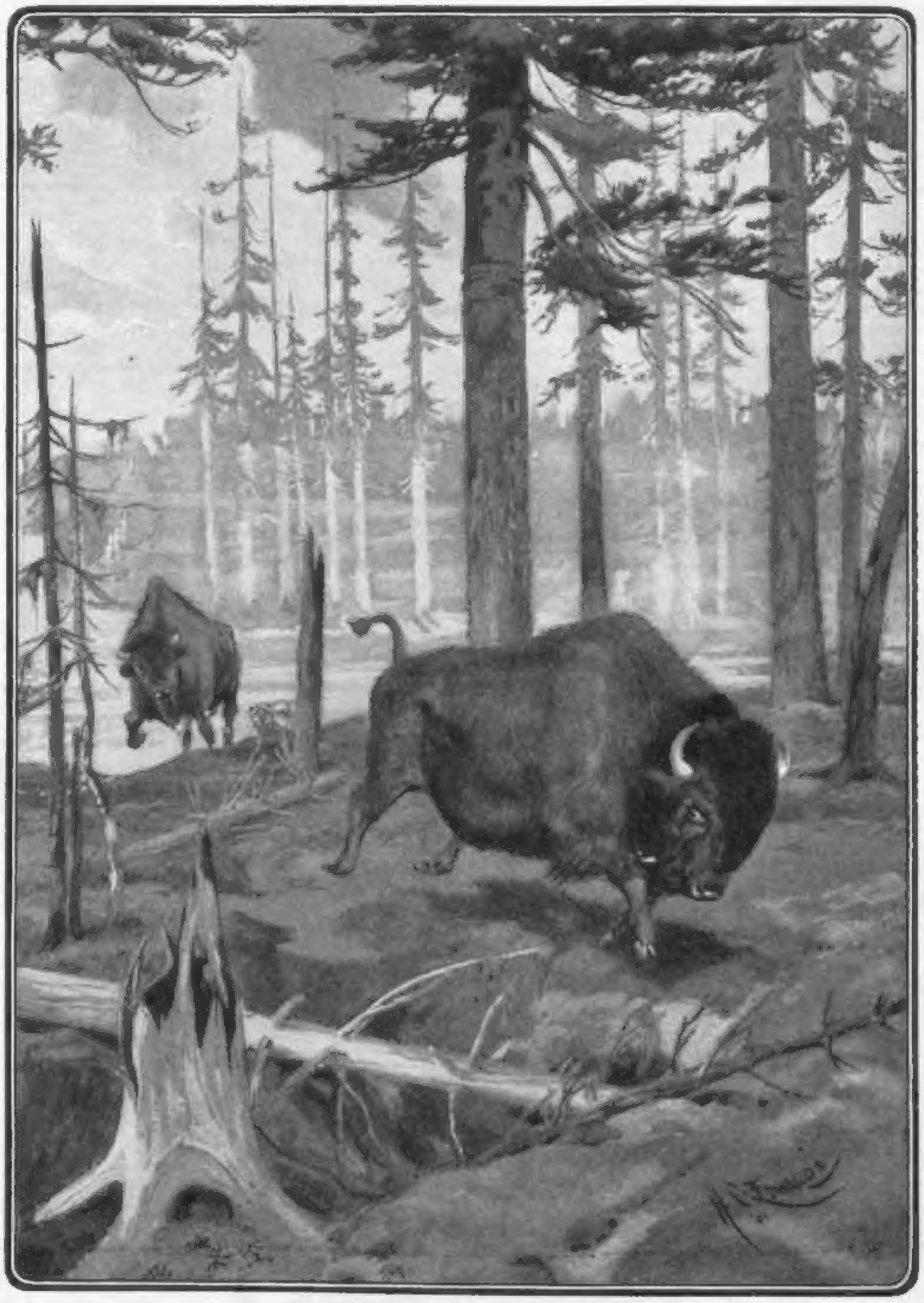
"There was one, Shag—at least I thought so, Great Bull."

"Well, don't think again—just that way. Once bitten is twice shy with me; and, as you see, I carry the Tribe mark of your Wolf-kind in my thigh since the time I was a Calf."

"Ghur-r-r! Of the Wolf-kind, quite true, Great Bull—that is their way; but I, who am no Wolf, but a Dog, do not seek to hamstring my friends."

The Bull answered nothing, but as they journeyed watched his companion carefully.

"Dreadfully foolish!" mused A'tim. "I must coax this stupid Bull into a muskeg; his big carcass will keep me alive through all the Cold Time."



Startled by the bark of the Dog-Wolf . . . the Cow turned and fled

FIFTH CHAPTER

THEY were now well within the treacherous muskeg lands which border the Athabasca; and that very night, while Shag slumbered in the deep sleep of a full age, A'tim, whose lean stomach tugged at his eyelids and kept them open, stole off into the forest, and searched by the strong light of the moon for a bog that would mire his comrade to death.

An open piece of swamp land, fringed by tamarack and slim-bodied spruce, promised fair for his scheme. Back and forth, back and forth over its cushion of deep moss he passed, seeking for a treacherous place—a place wherein Shag would sink to the belly; where the sand-mud would grasp his legs like soft chains and hold him to his death, but not engulf the body—that must remain for A'tim's eating.

"Euh-h! the very thing!" he exclaimed joyously, as his foot sank deep in soft slime. "Yes, indeed, the very spot. Now must I cover up its black mud so that the blurred eyes of old Shag will see only a fair trail, not over ankle deep."

For an hour he labored with rare villainy, carrying bunches of moss to cover up the black ooze, that was not more than twenty feet broad; even small willow wands and coarse rush grass he placed under the moss, so that he himself, light-footed as a cat, might cross ahead of the unsuspicious Bull, and lure him to his death. "There," he said finally, as he sat on his haunches and rested for a minute, looking like a ghoul in the ghostly moonlight, "I think that's a trick worthy of my Wolf cunning." Then he hastened back to the other Outcast.

Shag was awake and heard the Dog-Wolf creep to his side. "Where have you been, A'tim?" he asked sleepily.

"I heard a strange noise in the forest, and thought perhaps some evil Hunter had followed your big trail; fearing for your safety, Brother, I went to see what it was."

"And?" queried Shag.

"It was nothing—nothing but a Lynx or some prowling animal." Shag was already snoring heavily again, and the Dog-Wolf, tired by his exertion, also soon slumbered.

Next morning A'tim was in rare good humor. "We shall only have another day or two of this weary tramp," he said, "for the air is full of the perfume of living things; also things that are dead, for yonder, high in the air, float three Birds of the Vulture kind. I shall be in the land of much eating to-day or to-morrow, I know."

"I am glad of that," answered Shag heartily; "I am tired of this long tramp—my bones ache from it."

Talking almost incessantly to distract the other's attention, A'tim led the way straight for his muskeg trap.

"There is some lovely blue-joint grass on the other side of this beautiful little plain," he said as they came to the tamarack border of the swamp.

"Is it safe crossing?" asked Shag.

"Quite safe," answered the Dog-Wolf; "there is not a mud spot to be seen—you will scarce wet a shin. I will go ahead and warn you should it so happen that there be a soft hole; follow close in my track."

"Lough-hu! lough-hu!" grunted the Bull at the first step in the muskeg as his foot cushioned in the deep moss: "this is like walking on the White Storm." Ere he could take another step a startled, "Mouah! Mouah!" struck on his ear. It was the call of his own kind; and whipping about in an instant, he saw, staring at him from the tamarack fringe, a Buffalo Cow.

Where had she come from? It was the God of Chance that had sent her to save the unsuspicious, noble old Bull, only he did not know that—how could he? "Perhaps she is an Outcast like myself," he muttered, advancing eagerly to caress her forehead with his tongue.

"Come back, Shag," called the Dog-Wolf, seeing the destruction of his plan; "come back to the sweet feeding; that is but a disgraced Cow, outcasted from some Herd."

Startled by the bark of the Dog-Wolf, or perhaps by the ungainly garb of the hairless, manged Bull, the Cow turned and fled. Excited into activity, Shag galloped after her, his huge feet making the forest echo with the crack of smashing timber as he slid through the bush like an avalanche; but the Cow was swift of foot, and pig-jinked around stumps and over timber, and down coulees and up hills until Shag was fairly blown and forced to give up the pursuit.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN MUSIC

The Value of Sympathy

By Pol Plançon

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Madame Louise Homer

FIRST, the voice. You must catch your hare before you cook it.

Sympathy I place before everything else as a factor of success.

There are people who sing notably well and yet who fail to make the effect that others do who sing less well. It is the lack of sympathy that makes the difference—sympathy, which is the most important factor in the singer's success.

Do not limit yourself always to singing the things that you like to sing. Sing also things which you think are not so well suited to you, and that you do not sing so well as you do other compositions. That is the way to get breadth of style, to broaden your sphere, and also the way to give your audience variety.

If you are studying for the opera devote yourself to a thorough comprehension of the rôles that you are at work on; develop them in detail to the utmost of your power. But on the other hand, beware of doing things, even for a single time, without thought. Lack of interest for a single time in a portrayal or a song affects future spontaneity, and makes succeeding lack of interest easier.

When you do something unusually well—better, you conscientiously feel, than you have ever done it before—sit down and study quietly how you accomplished your effects at that particular time, and try to improve upon them. This applies equally to the song and to the rôle.

But again, this leads up to what I mentioned at the outset, the quality of sympathy. You must feel what you do, no matter how small or how great your task may be; you must enter into it fully, with heart, and soul, and mind, and will. But always with that which means the over-tone of all—sympathy.

Why Singers Must Study

By David Bispham

FIRST, one must have sufficient voice; but many singers with beautiful voices do not make the success that is expected of them. The reason for this most frequently is a failure to consider the necessity for the serious training of that voice, and the equally necessary study of vocal musical literature. No violinist would dare to go before the public as a performer without years of preparation and study of the literature of the violin. But the violinist is not born with a fiddle as the singer is with a voice. The singer endeavors to do that for which he is not prepared, except by Nature—which always insists upon the supplementary effort of the one assisted.

I often think of this (the same applies to singers): how much rather I would hear a fine artist play upon an inferior violin than a mediocre player perform upon the finest Stradivarius ever made!

Many singers do not know the songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Cornelius or Franz. They take what comes handiest in collections made by the publisher; such a thing as research for themselves never occurs to them. Again, many sing only what they are engaged to sing in oratorio, cantata or opera. They seem to lack that which the instrumentalist is taught from the very beginning—to study and know the literature of their art. I cannot advise too earnestly that the singer pursue this same course while he is perfecting his vocal equipment. If a singer does not approach his art with intelligence, how can he expect to succeed?

Mr. Giuseppe Campanari

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Many say to me, "How you do work!" as if there were something very surprising in that.

How can one be a singer without hard work? But the compensation for having done that which is satisfactory is the appreciation of one's audience and the happy knowledge that as the years go by one is welcomed back again and again with a constant loyalty.

Music a Jealous Mistress

By Nellie Melba

THE first thing necessary, if one would undertake the career of a singer, is good health. A delicate girl should never think of going in for the career.

The possession of a voice is not sufficient; the brain power must be as great or greater than the voice, and there must be musical intelligence. Supposing some one has all these good qualities and is a serious student, then it is necessary as well to go to hear the good singers, but not the bad ones, for it is much easier to learn than to unlearn.

The languages constitute a great item in the singer's equipment. Learn as many as possible; study at every spare moment. Now it is impossible to make a career without singing in three languages.

To be a successful singer one must give up everything to the career. The night before I sing I should never think of going to a dinner, nor for two days before I sing do I think of allowing myself any amusement. It is necessary to rest, to remain quiet, that one may do one's best when the moment of performance arrives.

My diet is a matter of the greatest care. I allow myself lamb, the white meat of chicken, vegetables, fruit, and a little white wine and water. It is only during my holidays that I really enjoy myself, and my holidays are brief.

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Mr. David Bispham

What helps a singer greatly is to be a good musician, to play one's own accompaniments, and the aptitude that I have had in this direction has always seemed to me to be one of my greatest aids.

Sympathy is a most necessary quality in a singer. Unless we feel for others we can never expect others to feel what we sing. I would wish no one to suffer, but I do say that if a singer has suffered she knows what others suffer and feels for them; she realizes the position and knows the meaning of things.

The Value of the Concert-Room

By Milka Ternina

GET the right teacher and give your whole love and enthusiasm to study. I find that many have not sufficient respect for work, and regard it from a material point of view—that is, they think only of the money to be gained by the minimum amount of work.

When young people go on the stage they think, perhaps: "I have finished; I can sing."

That is a mistake. One must work always, always. One finds happiness in that work and striving with the prospect of success. But again, that which constitutes success depends upon the calibre of the artist. Some may be satisfied with a couple of recalls and bravas and the compliments of a few friends; others will think it worth while to strive for a more enduring fame.

If you are an artist and listen to what every one says, and believe it, finally you can do nothing in art, and you will be a fool. Every one must know what he or she desires to accomplish and must work for that end. Having chosen your path never swerve from it either to the right or to the left.

One is never so great an artist that he cannot learn from another. From every one we can learn something.

The great mistake with singers to-day is that they all must go on the operatic stage. Few study for the concert-room where they would be far more certain of success. With many the voice is not sufficiently large for opera, and yet look at the great success in the concert-room of Hermine Spies and Alice Barbi, both with small voices but enormous intelligence.

The rush to be opera singers to-day accounts for the many mediocrities on the stage and for the fact that no one is in the concert-room. And yet the beautiful and true art of the singer can only be cultivated in the concert-room and not in the opera.

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Mr. Pol Plançon

What a Singer Must Know

By Ernest Van Dyck

FOR a singer to succeed it is necessary that he should have more than a voice or be a vocalist. Wagner has set a higher standard and to him we owe it. Not only the cultivation of the voice, but the higher education is necessary. The voice alone is not sufficient, even in the concert-room. Singing has grown to be quite another art. The singer must be an impersonator.

I myself studied for five years at the university. But that, as a rule, holds one too long. But at least a good general knowledge of literature and of science is necessary.

The day is past when a fiacre driver, because he has a beautiful voice, is accepted as a singer; so also is the day when a concert in costume is regarded as an opera. The standard of impersonation has been immeasurably raised by Wagner. History, literature, knowledge of the plastic arts are all necessary to the singer.

American women have, many of them, beautiful voices. Again, many of them go abroad to study. That is a mistake; it is at home that they should lay the foundation. Build by degrees. Do not aim to be a star, but a good artist. Study always, be content with small rôles; the rest will come of itself.

The Singer's Rule of Four

By Albert Saléza

FOUR things are necessary for success if one would undertake the career of a singer: the voice, first of all; then physique, intelligence and a musical ear. To be a finished artist these four qualities are fully and equally important. To gain success with these great gifts it is necessary to toil and to lead a regular life devoid of excess. The artist has not much pleasure outside of his art, which must be his sole end and aim and its own complete reward.

If one has a fine voice and no musical ear, or a fine voice and no intelligence, the struggle is unequal and hopeless. Again, with high intelligence and comparatively small voice a career, even a great career, may be achieved. Without those four qualities fully assured, voice, intelligence, musical ear and physique, I can only say it is wiser to choose some other career than that of singer, for to pursue such a course, handicapped by shortcomings, means only pain. It wrecks the life. But if one possesses those qualities one must go ahead with courage, undaunted, and unyielding to any thought of defeat.

The first year should be devoted to the study of exercises only, under an able teacher. With the beginning of the second year songs may be undertaken, but even

Madame Nellie Melba

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By the World's Greatest Singers

then gradually, continuing always in the study of the exercises which have made and will make the path a possible and an easier one.

Be Musician as well as Singer

By G. Campanari

POSSESSED of a voice, the first thing necessary, if one would be a singer, is to become a thorough musician. Select your teacher with great care, and having selected him stick to him if you have faith in him, and do not change your instructor every two or three months.

When you begin to sing and know a little do not go to a musical performance to criticise your colleagues, but to learn. Take the good away with you; for no matter how bad a singer may be there is always some good in him. Take the good and leave the bad.

Try to improve all the time, and with that end always in view you will stand in no danger of getting an enlarged cranium.

You cannot expect to please the entire public; that would be impossible; but study out the faults.

Modesty is the chief thing with an artist. The greatest artists I have ever met have been the most modest.

I made my career with patience; I waited.

Gain by the Wisdom of Others

By Lillian Nordica

OF FIRST importance, granted the possession of a voice, comes the capacity for study. Our way is not necessarily the right way; we must know how to do and how not to do things. If we would sing correctly we must be willing to profit by the experience of those who have demonstrated what success means by themselves attaining it.

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Madame Milka Ternina

A great factor of success is to be always on the alert to seize those little points that go to make the great total of excellence. All really great artists are ceaselessly on the alert searching how to do these little things, and humbly knowing that more, and more, and yet more is to be gained, no matter what the degree of attainment may be.

I spoke to a young singer on the stage about voice production and her shortcomings in it. She may take my advice. I felt that my record would warrant giving, through kindness of heart, that advice to a fellow-singer, when she acknowledged that after singing the Brünhilde in one performance she had not been able to sing for fifteen weeks.

Do the young singers who come to me to hear them sing follow my advice? I regret to say that I fear many do not. They appear to dislike to be told that they are wrong, that their method is bad, and that they must go home and courageously begin to right their faults. And yet that is the one thing to do.

In ten minutes or a half an hour I give out to these young singers that which has taken me ten years to learn by experience. My one desire in telling them these things is to make their way easier. If one is wrong and is told the right way, one should always be ready to recognize it. That is the kind of courage that is necessary to progress. Be courageous and face the truth. There is no easy way of escaping it.

It is only by constant recognition of the experience of others that we progress ourselves. As a young girl, at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg, I learned one important thing from Madame Sembrich by experience. She transposed a certain aria from the original into a lower key. I could sing that same aria in the original. When I came on the stage I found that I could not sing it as I had sung it in my room at home. That was a lesson by which I profited—a lesson to respect the experience of older artists.

The quickest way to gain that experience which we should obtain is to profit by the experience of others.

To-day the praise of the young singer is too often indiscriminate. After all, good counsel is the thing that helps us. When I was fourteen or fifteen and sang Creation and the Mozart Glorias and all those things, there was no one to tell me that I sang like Patti and that I ought to be singing in an opera house. And so much the better. No problem in algebra can be solved until we know the multiplication table.

Students must be taught how to study, and that right now is the time to do it. Much will have to be given up for that one thing—study. But in the end comes the reward that brave and conscientious work so surely brings.

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Madame Lillian Nordica

There is the saying that you cannot put old heads on young shoulders. But there are exceptions, and these exceptions of old heads on young shoulders are the exceptions that succeed.

The Ideal Methods of Study

By Louise Homer

THERE is no country in the world that produces so many beautiful voices as our country, and I believe there is no other country where so many gifted young people are devoting their time and thought to the study of singing; therefore, the prospects for this art in America are very bright.

Any one who wishes to undertake a professional career as a singer should realize the amount of time that it requires.

It is wrong to economize on the expense of instruction. One year of proper study with sufficient lessons is worth more than several years of study with meagre instruction. The ideal plan is a lesson every day with a fine master and as little individual work as possible, particularly at first.

Students should appreciate the modern demand for perfect diction in German, French, Italian and English. All great singers of to-day have found this essential to their career.

For Americans destined for the opera there is a further complication in the necessity of gaining experience abroad.

In France and Germany young artists can enter the large opera houses without previous experience, and be instructed in all the details of action and interpretation. It is usual to drill a débutante for months on a single rôle previous to her first appearance. This opportunity does not exist in America.

After the beauty of the voice the question of pronunciation is that in which all directors of opera are the most exacting. This study of languages should not be regarded as a mere obstacle. It is a liberal education, and should be welcomed.

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Mr. Ernest Van Dyck

Begin at the Bottom

By Ernestina Schumann-Heink

FIRST of all, to succeed in either concert or opera, there must be the proper vocal training.

The singer must have a right understanding of his art, know it well, and comprehend it well to bring it to a success.

In opera the singer must understand thoroughly the character to be portrayed, and have full command of technical details, down to the smallest. This is of prime importance.

One must not only know how a thing is done, but be able to do it. That is the difference between theory and practice. My advice to the young singer who would go the right way about attaining success in opera is to begin at some small theatre and learn to act. Begin in a small rôle in a play. No one can be a star at the outset. Lilli Lehmann began in the ballet. I myself began in what the Germans call a posse, a little play interspersed with songs and dances.

Besides knowing how to speak and to act one must know how to dance, to fence, to turn and to swim.

To be a successful singer of songs of the highest type is more difficult than to attain success in opera. As a concert singer you stand alone, aided only by the piano. In opera the action helps and the orchestra sustains. As a singer of songs you must paint your colors as the orchestra paints them. You must gain your ends with your voice, and the coloring of it. You can make no gestures to strengthen the story you are telling; the expression on your face is all that you can allow yourself. It is for these reasons that I place the successful singer of songs above the successful opera singer.

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Mr. Albert Saléza

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The Tale of a Tack

"THERE was once an Italian tenor at Covent Garden by the name of Tasca who, I am sorry to say, sang his own praises better than the score," says Mr. William Parry, the stage director at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"For this and other reasons he was strongly disliked by all the workmen. One day he came to me and said with great show of mystery:

"'Tell me the exact spot.'

"I could not for the life of me understand what he wanted.

"'You know well enough what I mean,' he persisted. 'Show me the spot where Tamberlik sang the high C. There is always one spot on the stage that is better than all the others to stand on when you sing. Where is it?'

"'I'll show you later,' I replied. 'But remember, never a word; it would cost me my place if it should leak out.'

"Then I drove a brass tack into one of the stage boards, and he was overjoyed when I solemnly pointed out 'the exact spot.' And so were the workmen at the prospect of a joke at his expense. That night he carefully stood on the tack and sang the high C. Rushing into the wings he exclaimed, 'Beautiful! Wonderful!' Ever afterward, no matter what part of the stage demanded his presence, he would rush to the tack when the time for the high C came, and there deliver it."

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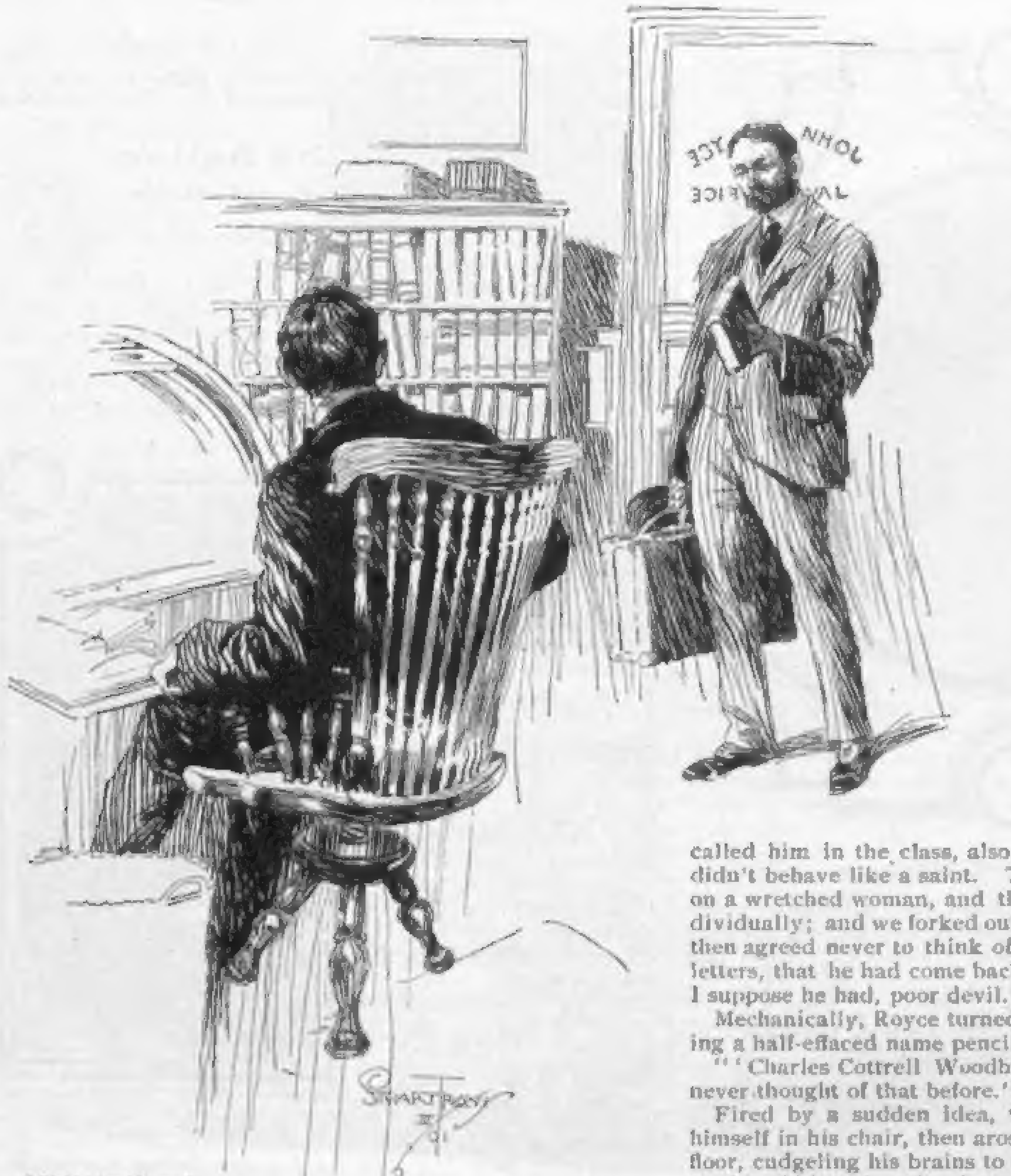
Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink

A Page of Life *By* Mrs. Burton Harrison



"Might I trouble you to look at——" began a man's voice

JOHN ROYCE, bachelor, a college graduate of ten years' standing, and a fairly successful lawyer in the ranks of his overnumerous fraternity in New York, sat in his office chair before a large square desk littered with tape-tied bundles, letters and circulars.

He had been tossing them over, and ransacking pigeonholes and drawers, in the search for a paper in the Elnathan I. Clarke affair that ought to have been in place but had got away. Of all his cases, that of the Elnathan I. Clarke estate was the most tedious and futile. It concerned the claims of a certain fatiguing widow, whose husband, after living apart from her for years, had soared aloft, leaving her unable to profit by his savings unless there should prove to be a residue after the payment of a legacy to a cousin of his, who would seem to have vanished from the face of the earth, leaving no sign by which to trace his family.

So far, Royce's attempts to find the missing William Cottrell or his next of kin had not availed. If it should turn out that he had died before the testator, the widow must be settled with; and, egged on by the complainings, oral and written, of the widow, the lawyer had been frequently driven to wish the Elnathan I. Clarke estate and all that had to do with it at the bottom of the sea.

Just now Royce was about to win surcease of sorrow in the shape of a holiday with flies and rod, in the woods of Maine. When he thought that for a blest fortnight, or more, he would escape from Mrs. Clarke at the other end of a telephone wire, Mrs. Clarke rooted and parlous in his clients' chair, and Mrs. Clarke's illogical letters, demanding to know why he withheld from her her own, Royce drew a long breath and took courage.

In an interval of searching for the paper that had eluded him, he sprang up and went to the window of his twelfth-floor office in a sky-scraper building looking waterward.

All of the poetry he had ever read, all the love he was some day to give to a woman, all of his nature's softer side, was kept alive by this daily glimpse at a noble prospect. The wide, majestic river, upon which his roving fancy pastured, now ruffled by a fresh breeze, was, as usual, thronged by the passage of great ships, winged and steam-driven messengers, going to or coming from Europe, Asia, South America, the West Indies or Africa, their tracks crossed by huge ferryboats and countless smaller craft. At the moment, the monster Oceanic was going out, carrying some people Royce knew well. They had tried to tempt him to accompany them, "just for the voyage" and a week abroad, but he had smiled and said no, loving better his own method of holiday diversion.

Hugging the thought of what was coming to him on the morrow—the forsaking of what Stevenson calls "the temporal death of people choked between walls and curtains" for the free haunts of Nature under arching greenwoods, he went back refreshed to his search for the mislaid document.

Tugging open by main force a drawer of the desk in the rear of which something seemed to stick, he extracted—not the paper in question, but an old photograph, long forgotten, and unseen by him for longer.

It was that of a fair-browed, open-faced youth in a senior's cap and gown, whose smile had in it that quality we mortals ascribe to seraphs—a guileless witchery no one could confront unmoved.

Royce whistled his surprise.

"Now, where did this turn up from? I am quite certain I have opened this drawer twenty times, and it has never popped out before. Poor old Charley Woodbridge! He went under after that scrape developed just before we all left college.

"He never had the cheek to write to me or the fellows again, and so the 'great waters have closed over him.' 'Beauty Woodbridge,' they called him in the class, also 'Sainty' and 'Seraph;' but he didn't behave like a saint. Took our society funds to spend on a wretched woman, and then owned up to each of us individually; and we forked out the cash to make up the deficit, then agreed never to think of him again. He said, in those letters, that he had come back from hell to write them; and I suppose he had, poor devil."

Mechanically, Royce turned over the photograph, deciphering a half-effaced name penciled upon the back.

"'Charles Cottrell Woodbridge.' *Cottrell!* By Jove! I never thought of that before."

Fired by a sudden idea, the young lawyer straightened himself in his chair, then arose and walked up and down the floor, cudgeling his brains to recall what he could of this sad wraith of his university days.

On a wave of recollection much came back to him that had drifted out of mind.

Woodbridge, a captivating fellow, clever, versatile, of whom all things were predicted by his friends, yet of whom the faculty heard little, was the son of a poor minister in a remote corner of Ohio. After his father's death, his mother, a loving, patient soul, had scrimped and slaved that he might complete his college course. Royce remembered that when, in junior year, Charley fell ill with typhoid, and a telegram was sent to Mrs. Woodbridge announcing the fact, he himself encountered on the campus, shortly afterward, a quaint, old-time figure of a little woman possessing Charley's blue eyes and lovely smile, carrying a battered old valise, and asking her way to Mr. Woodbridge's rooms. Royce had conducted her to the patient, had seen her swoop upon him like a mother bird upon the nest; and then, much affected, had backed out of the whole thing. In due time Charley recovered; and till now Royce had not thought again of the mother, except to pity her when the son of her love and yearning hopes had run upon that fatal snag in senior year. How much besides Charley's life had contained to shame that loving heart no one of his friends in college knew.

Cottrell! It was only a chance that Woodbridge's middle name might serve as a clue to old Elnathan I. Clarke's missing legatee. But who in the world knew what had become of Seraph Woodbridge?

Royce dropped the photograph, sighing. While, after discovering his lost paper, he was hurrying to make up for his delay, a number of the petty episodes common to his surroundings levied tax upon the lawyer's patience.

A messenger-boy, snuffling and chewing gum, waited beside him for an answer to a note; a breathless clerk from Wall Street insisted upon bestowing upon him a letter meant for a man two floors below; a philanthropic spinster detained him until she had extracted a subscription for a "Babies' Home." When they were all disposed of and dismissed, Royce's pen drove at a tremendous rate over his gradually increasing pile of law-cap, inscribed in the fair, firm hand of a man in the vigor of youth and work.

A little more and he should be free. Free to roll down the cover of his desk, turn the key in the lock, lock his safe, bestow his blessing upon the clerk in the outer office (whom he shared with another), and then hurry away home to dine and pack!

If only no one else should come in to disturb him! If only Mrs. Clarke's still, small voice should not call him out to the telephone! If only——

Royce heard another step on the floor beyond his desk, which in some sort acted as a barricade between him and the outer world—a lagging step—a step that bespoke great uncertainty of welcome.

"Might I trouble you to look at——" began a man's voice.

"Nothing to-day," answered Royce brusquely and without looking up.

"I beg your pardon, but it was your name on the door that made me think——" went on the visitor, then paused again.

Something in the tired and hopeless voice smote Royce's memory. He looked up. He saw a man of pallid skin and heavy eyes, dull hair and beard, whom he could in no way recall having met before. The salient feature of the face was its expression of indifference to result. It would not be worth one's while to rebuff a fellow-being so evidently abandoned by the last possession of Pandora's box.

He wore a suit of new, slop-shop clothes, with clean linen, and his right hand grasped a cheap leather suit-case, together with a new derby hat, while his left hand extended a sample volume of an edition of Ruskin's works. As Royce's gaze took in these details of belongings recently acquired, so curiously conflicting with the looks of their wan and prematurely aged possessor, a sense of recognition made him sick. This waif of a book agent was—could be—none other than the subject of his recent thoughts—or else the phantom of Charley Woodbridge!

Royce's pen fell with a rattle upon his desk. The rush of sympathetic pity that assailed his heart was chilled at once by a certain undefinable feeling that behind his old classmate's wretched appearance lurked something unexplained, hateful, which prevented his holding out to him the honest hand of friendship. This feeling, again, was merged in that of astonishment at the way Woodbridge had answered the summons of his thought. The confusion of these ideas delayed his speech, which did not come freely until into the forlorn visitor's thin cheeks had arisen the semblance of a tide of red.

"I will go," he muttered, dropping his dull eyes and moving backward lifelessly.

"No, don't go!" cried Royce, ashamed of himself. "I'm right, am I not? You're Woodbridge, of our class?"

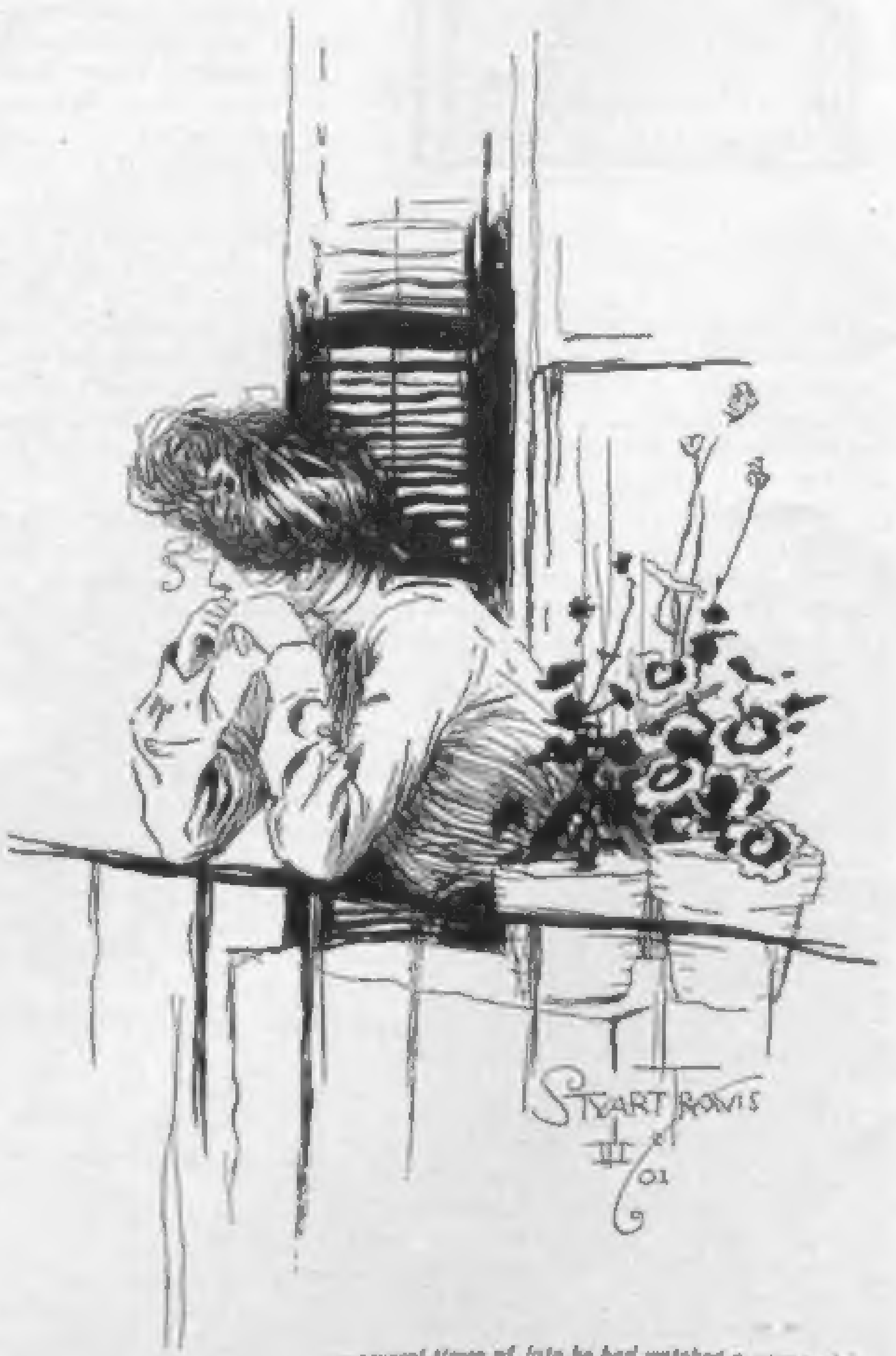
"Yes; I'm Woodbridge. It is so long since I've met any one who recognized me that I'd forgotten how it would cut," answered the other. "When I saw your name in gilt letters outside on the office door, I placed you at once, but I never supposed you'd know me. But don't misunderstand me; this is no scheme to sponge on an old acquaintance. I've come here to sell these books, and if you don't want to look at them—and I suppose you don't—I'll just get out."

"No; I don't want your books, but I'd like to help you," said Royce, in whom the right spring was touched at last.

"But for the mercy of God, here stands John Royce," he had said within himself, paraphrasing the humanitarian of bygone days. He was hardly prepared for the effect of his kindly, hearty manner upon the book agent, who shivered, then turned aside to hide his eyes of faded blue now filling with grateful tears.

"Royce, don't, please," he said tremulously. "I hadn't counted on kind words when I undertook this business, and indeed I do better on the old sort of speech—the sort I'm most used to from my fellow-men."

"But, Woodbridge, I've no intention of letting you off like this. It's true I am busy now, rather especially so since I'm winding up to leave town to-morrow for three weeks' vacation. But, see here. If you'll bring these Ruskins to my



—several times of late he had watched a young girl leaning over the balcony of a fire-escape rooms to-night, not later than nine-thirty, maybe I'll be able to treat myself to them. And it's just possible I can work in, to your advantage, a little matter that is buzzing in my brain. Come. Say you'll be there. Here's a card with my address "

"Royce, would you let me cross the threshold of your rooms and sit in your presence if you knew where I've just recently come from?" blurted out the other desperately

"Come from?" echoed Royce. But he could not keep up his bluff appearance of not understanding. The prison mark was too hideously apparent. The seal of shame had been set too ineffaceably upon his old comrade's brow. He sat in silence, a great wave of repulsion overwhelming him

"I knew you'd feel so. But I couldn't lie to you," said the book agent simply. As he turned away John Royce sprang after him, laying a hand upon his shoulder

"For the sake of old times, Seraph," he exclaimed, not aware that he was using the once familiar college name, "come anyhow." The book agent burst into tears

That evening, while Royce, sobered and saddened, was sorting flies, trying to comfort himself by pleasant visions of two-pound trout to be taken in leafy wood-brooks, Woodbridge again made his appearance

"Good-evening, old man," he said, entering with a somewhat brisker tread, and speaking in a heartier voice. "I thank you more than I can say for letting me have a peep in here. Jove! It's like old times You've got the pictures, books, furniture you had in college; and I even recognize that oar you pulled at so long and hard, with your eight Good Heavens! How I've been used to shutting my eyes and conjuring up those scenes at the races! How I can see them now!"

"Have a pipe?" said Royce briefly, administering that soother of men's nervous woes. He was resolved to repress sentiment and get out of his visitor a statement of plain fact

"That's your diploma in its old case I wonder where mine is. But for you fellows I'd never have taken it, and much good it did me," persisted Woodbridge, his furtive eyes wandering curiously about the room "How we all pushed and struggled to win them, though! Do you remember the jam to see us take them? And the big crew man, who strode out among the new-made alumni, waving his tin box with the sheepskin inside, and shouting: '*Educated* be gad!'"

Royce laughed

"A fallacious statement. His real education was only beginning, as ten years have taught most of us"

Woodbridge winced. The momentary glow faded, leaving his face pallid and sodden as before

But little by little Royce got from him the whole miserable story of his second fall from grace, and its punishment by law. For eight long years he had been working out a sentence (shortened by good behavior) for embezzlement of an employer's funds. During this time his little mother had died of a broken heart, leaving for him a pitiful small sum on which to begin life anew

And Woodbridge had chosen to begin life by plunging at once into the human whirlpool of New York, which hides all mysteries until it chooses to throw them upon the surface to the gaze of passers-by

He had trusted to his changed appearance and keeping out of their way that he would encounter none of his bygone comrades. The fancy to beard Royce in his den had ended — as we have seen!

Deeply, painfully as Royce felt that the shameful remembrance of this man's sin must go with him to the grave, clouding every day of possible happiness, he was yet seized with a vivid desire to attempt the task of setting Woodbridge again upon his feet

An odd dovetailing of Destiny's plans with his own was the discovery, after inquiry concerning places, names, dates and relationships, that Woodbridge was the grandson, and probably the only surviving relative, of the William Cottrell mentioned in Elnathan I. Clarke's whimsical will, and who had died within three months in a remote State. The sum of money to be delivered to the legatee was not very large but, if it were to prove to be Woodbridge's by right, it might suffice to start the man afresh in the effort for respectability

As these thoughts flashed through the lawyer's mind his manner warmed. He no longer thought of his caller as a mere incubus of charity, but rather as an opportunity for high effort put into his way by Fate. Seeing the new gleam in his benefactor's eye, Woodbridge also kindled into greater animation

"I'll swear to you Royce," he said with the first trace of his old engaging manner, "that if I had half a chance I'd work like a dog to rehabilitate myself. But the chance — the chance Those books, which I didn't bring here to-night because I still retain a remnant of my sense of social obligation, were put in my charge by an old friend of my father to whom, in despair, when I had spent all I had in trying to get work, I went, a few days since. I have not succeeded well with them. People seem to look upon me as a blot upon their sunlight, and to be uneasy until I have gone. To-night — let me make a clean breast of it — I've spent my last cent in food, and the room I have I must give up to-morrow morning"

"Cheer up, old man!" exclaimed Royce "Take a brace in spirits and I'll help you to help yourself Now, see here; in three weeks I'll be back again at my desk"

"Three weeks," repeated the other blankly, looking like a helpless child from whom support in walking has suddenly been snatched away

"Yes, but I'm intending to be busy about you, all the same. I've an idea I can lay my hands on something that will set you up in life. But I can't be sure yet; and meantime, Woodbridge for the sake of college days, I'll give you enough to keep you going till I get back."

The visitor's head had dropped dejectedly upon his breast. He appeared, indeed, so limp a creature, morally and physically, that the lawyer could not repress an exclamation of disgust.

"Good Heavens Woodbridge, don't you know that to be anything you must first of all, be a man?" he cried in a ringing tone

"Yes. Yes. Of course. I must be a man," answered the waif, shrinking as he arose upon his feet. "I have taken too much of your time, Mr. Royce, and I humbly beg your pardon."

"Promise me you'll go on with your book business, whether good or bad, till I return," said Royce, slipping into the hand, whose touch repelled him, a little roll of bank-notes. "Keep busy; do your best; and three weeks will soon pass by."

"I can't promise. I don't dare promise," faltered Woodbridge. "But I'm grateful to you from the bottom of my heart!"

Royce watched him disappear. Then, drawing a sigh of relief, he went back to his sorting of flies and packing up of rods

But the flavor had gone out of his cherished occupation The more he thought of it, the less satisfied was he with his business-like and common-sense dealing with a sick and sorry soul. In the last gaze of the poor fallen Seraph he seemed to detect the expression of a hunted animal speeding back to his lair, to drop

When Woodbridge got out into the street he muttered. "Royce has not only relieved me, but himself, by this. I had never any fancy for the morgue; but he, small blame to him! won't want to open this chapter again, when his feelings have had time to cool."

Going back to the lodging house where his time on the morrow would be up, he climbed the steps to his hall bedroom on the fourth floor. There, opening the window, he looked out for a while into the night. The whiz of car wheels, the rush of the elevated trains, street sounds in a neighborhood populous with poor folk, seemed to him unusually far away — as far almost as the cold stars in the sky above. What he had in mind to do detached him completely from the realization of every-day affairs. Over and again he repeated to himself Royce's stinging words

"'To be anything you must, first of all, be a man'"

And he was not a man. Evidently Royce, with all his kindness, had thought so. What use, then, was it to try to live?

Royce's money, found in his room after death, would suffice to pay for a decent funeral. The old gas-jet business would do for him, in default of any better means of cutting the snarl of existence

After all, the world he had coveted during those long years when he was shut away from it was not what he had fancied! He would not be so much the worse for bidding it good-by.

With a slight shrug he turned inside, intending to shut his window, turn on the gas, and lie down upon the little iron bed, where they would find him dead in the morning

At this moment his attention was riveted by a commotion at the windows of the great tenement house opposite, a honeycomb full of human bees, where several times of late he had watched a young girl leaning over the balcony of a fire-escape, gazing wistfully outside

Something in the girl's face and figure had attracted him irresistibly, but he had put her out of mind — even she, a dweller amid the very poorest, would turn from him did she know his story

It was in the rooms beneath hers, four stories up, that he now saw a tongue of flame leaping and dancing with smoke bursting from the window

In an incredibly short time the whole upper part of the dwelling resembled a funeral pyre erected upon a solid, unignited base. Fire curled brilliantly around the highest outer walls, volumes of smoke, growing ever blacker, arose bellying from the air shaft to heaven. The inmates, many of them aroused from sleep, ran shrieking to the windows. The streets became filled with a hoarse, shouting mass of people

Before Woodbridge had started from his first spellbound observation of the calamity he distinctly saw the girl he had so often watched appear at her fire-escape, dragging after her the inert form of an old man, and stretching out her arms to the street below for help

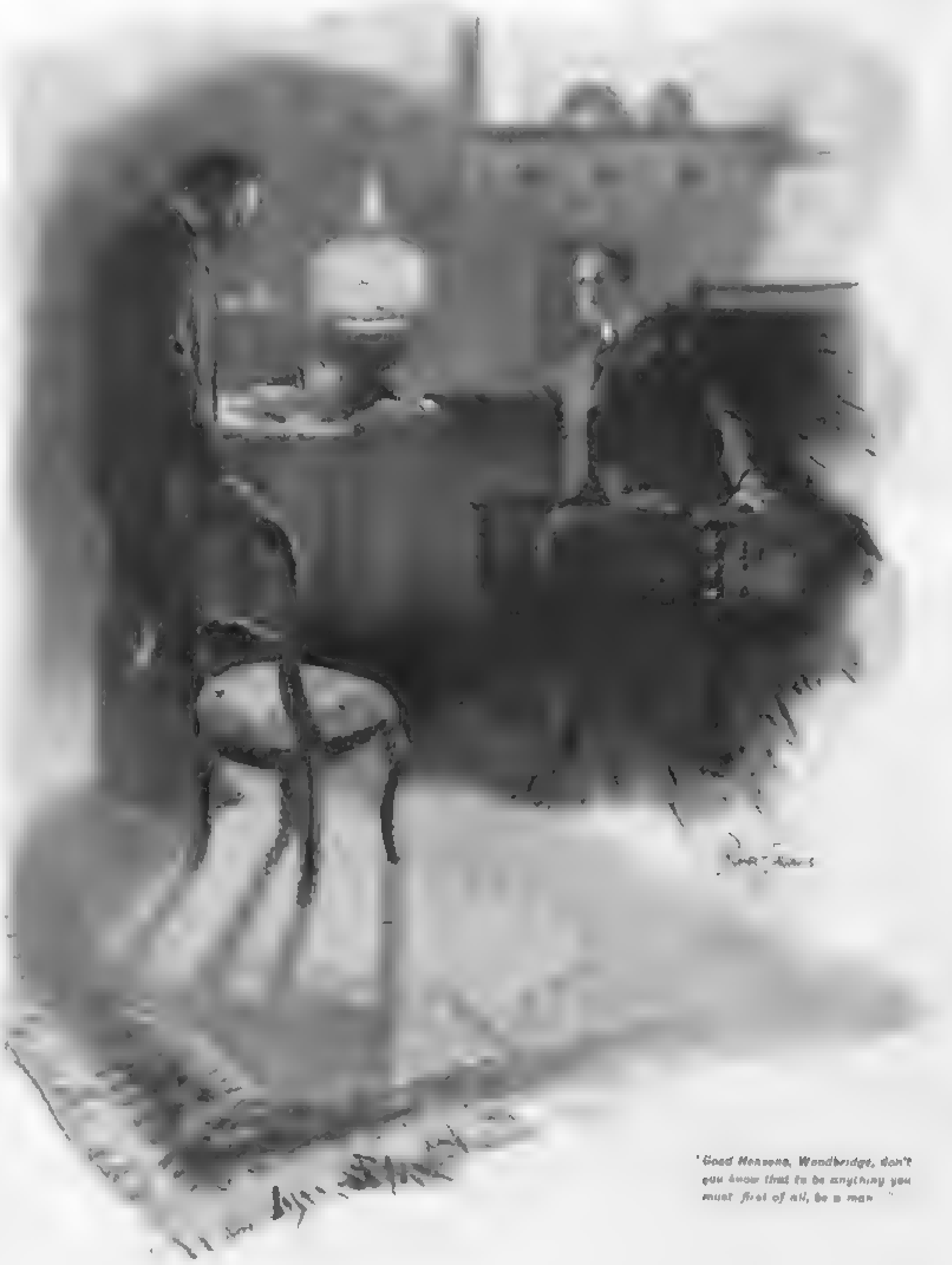
Then the manhood to which Royce had not, after all, appealed in vain sprang into action in Woodbridge's long sluggish veins

Royce found him, three weeks later, still in the hospital, his face and hands swathed in white linen, following the frightful burns received on that memorable night. But the voice issuing from the pallid mask was alert and cheerful, the gleam of his blue eyes resembling "the Seraph's" after a football match in which he had come off one of the victors

"I am shocked at what befell you after we parted, old man," Royce said, sitting beside his cot. "The authorities here have told me what splendid work you did at that East Side fire. It seems as though none of them can say enough of your pluck and the rescues you made, single handed — still more, of your patience in your ordeal here."

"Oh, that's all right, Royce," said the ghost modestly "So long as I've got my eyes again, I don't grumble. And, queerly enough, I'd just laid by that money you gave me in a bureau drawer of my room — for a purpose rather different — when I bolted over to lend a hand at the fire. It came in splendidly for a poor girl who'd lost her grandfather in

(*Concluded on Page 23*)



"Good Heavens, Woodbridge, don't you know that to be anything you must first of all, be a man"

Masters of Men *By* Morgan Robertson

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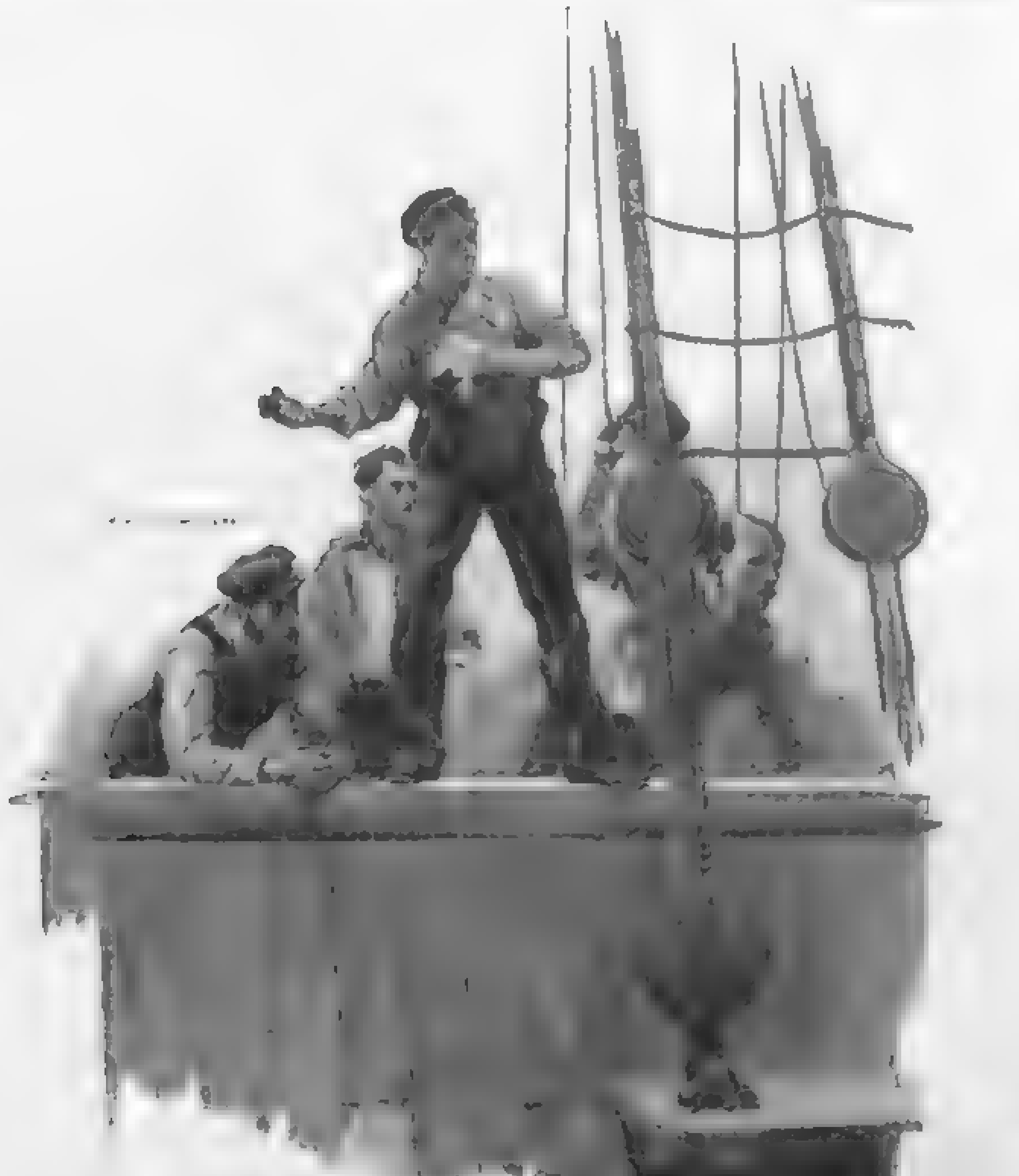


Pig Jones, rejuvenated and revengeful, appeared with an apronful of potatoes, which he threw at them until they were out of range

THIRTY-NINTH CHAPTER

BEFORE Dick reached the forecastle, whither his watch had preceded him, he heard loud and violent language from the Captain, and turned to look aft. Pig was sitting up on the hatch, but was receiving no attention from any one. It was Breen who was being rebuked. He had just climbed the poop steps and had begun to rub the brass plate on the monkey-rail; over him stood Captain Bilker, wiping his hands and coat-sleeve with a handkerchief. As Breen seemed in no present danger of assault, and as there was not much time left for breakfast, Dick entered the forecastle, concluding that Breen, in his hurry to relieve Sawyer's predicament, had left the brass smeared with oil and bath-brick, and that Captain Bilker had rubbed against it. This proved to be the case. When Dick came out at eight bells Breen was stowing his box of oil and rags in its place, and Mr. Thorpe, who had come forward to set the men at work for the watch, was further berating him.

"You get your breakfast, and at one bell you turn to—d'ye hear? And next time you leave any oil around loose you'll lick it up."

Then he detailed the port watch to various tasks about the rigging, Dick's being the squaring of ratlines on the weather mizzen-shrouds.

"And take a piece o' twine with you," said the officer, "and go up first thing and overhaul and stop the royal and to'gallant buntlines."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Dick, and headed for the "bosun's locker."

There being no boys or ordinary seamen in the crew, this lofty work was given to Dick and other young and active men, while scouring brass, swabbing, scrubbing, sweeping and all unseamanly work usually done by boys was given to Breen and others as useless as he pretended to be. Musing on the injustice of keeping Breen up in the forenoon watch for an act which indirectly saved the life of an officer, Dick secured the twine, with the marlinespike and marline for the ratlines, and went aft. On the way he met Pig stumbling slowly forward to his galley. His eyes were closed and blackened; his face was marked and bruised. He was a ludicrous and pathetic picture of misery, and Dick was sorry for him. Mr. Thorpe was out of sight, and the Captain had gone below. He stopped before him.

"Pig," he said, "I didn't mean to do so much. I'd made my mind up to drop all grudge and call the whole thing square, but you forced me to it. Will you shake hands and start fresh?" Dick extended his hand, but Pig, lifting his chin to see easier through his swollen eyelids, tersely consigned him to hot regions and passed on.

"All right," said Dick, and added to himself as he went aft: "Well, I feel better for having offered."

On the mizzenroyal-yard he saw a sail on the southwestern horizon, squarely on the starboard beam; for the southeast trade having failed, the ship was now headed away for the Cape with a mild quartering wind. Looking down, he beheld the Captain pacing the poop, and hailed: "Sail oh! Broad on the starboard beam. Seems to be steering parallel with us, sir."

"All right—all right," answered the Captain, reaching for his binoculars; then he called out: "Why in thunder don't ye put it to music and sing it? Don't have so much to say up there."

But Dick was long past being hurt by such criticism. He finished stopping the buntlines and came down, noticing as he passed the topmasthead that the seizing of the monkey, or signal-gaff lift, was chafed through and that only a couple of turns held the weight of the gaff. Obviously this was a matter to be reported at once, but not caring to hail the deck again, he descended to the eyes of the lower rigging, where his work on the ratlines would begin, and called easily to Mr. Thorpe, who was ascending the poop steps:

"Seizing of the monkey-gaff lift is all gone, sir," he said. "Shall I go up and fix it?"

But Captain Bilker, not seeing the mate and supposing that Dick was again addressing him, turned fiercely around and yelled angrily:

"Don't you be so —— busy up there, wi' your comments and your suggestions to me. I know my business without your help. You 'tend to yourn."

"Go on wi' those ratlines," commanded the mate, consistently deferring to the Captain's mood, "an' shut up."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Dick respectfully; then he went to work.

No man can with surety trace to a prompting emotion the moods and whims of an autocrat; but Dick, watching the surly-faced skipper stamping back and forth between the binnacle and the rail, occasionally snarling at the man at the wheel, occasionally peering through the binoculars, shrewdly guessed that the disturbance of bile came of his being compelled to wash his hands twice that morning and to give his coat to the steward for cleaning. In this guess he was confirmed when, at one bell, Breen appeared on deck.

"Mr. Thorpe," yelled the Captain as he spied him, "set that infernal insect to work on this brasswork an' get it done. Them stanchions there. Mebbe he'll know how to scour brasswork properly 'fore I'm through with him."

The brasswork indicated was a set of stanchions, or braces, at the ends of the poop and house rails, which so far in the voyage had not been cleaned and had taken on a rusty green and blue color. Breen secured his box of rags and went to work.

"You gentleman's gentleman," sneered the irate Captain as he hovered over him. "You navy officer, you. I'll larn you somethin'!"

Breen answered not, but scoured industriously; and Dick, above them in the rigging, speculated on the chances if he should let fly his marlinespike at Captain Bilker's head.

So the forenoon watch passed, the sail to starboard drawing closer and the Captain becoming more and more irritable, until, at about five bells, the other ship ran up an ensign. The Captain studied it through the glasses.

"Nothin' but a —— Nova Scotia rat-trap," he remarked, "an' I thought it was an American ship."

It was the first ship that had come within signal distance since they had sailed, and in spite of his disappointment Captain Bilker was naturally anxious to communicate. He looked around the deck. The whole watch was aloft with the exception of Breen.

"Here, you," he called; "you gentleman's man. Can you read letters stenciled on little flags?"

"Yes, sir," answered Breen, standing erect with the peculiar set look which had come to his face lately.

"Put that gear away, an' clean yer hands an' come aft here an' help me signalize that Blue-noser. Bear a hand now."

In five minutes Breen was with him.

"Run up this ensign on them signal halyards there," commanded the Captain, tossing the Stars and Stripes to the top of the cabin, where he had already piled the nineteen small flags of the International Signal Code. Then he followed with his signal books and glasses, taking a position forward of the mizzenmast. Breen hoisted the ensign to the monkey-gaff, which, as the flag was small and the wind light, held up under the strain.

"Code pennant," muttered the Captain, as the stranger's ensign came down and a small triangular flag went up. "Answer that," he said to Breen, kicking a small flag toward him. "Send it up on t'other part o' the halyards." Breen obliged him.

"Now get our numbers hooked together," said the Captain, naming four letters. "They're stamped on the canvas edge. See them? J on top, then the rest."

He opened the code-book to interpret the four flags now flying from the stranger's gaff, and Breen made up the ship's number.

"Annie M. Sheldon, o' Halifax," muttered the skipper. Then he verified Breen's arrangement of the flags before ordering them hoisted.

"You do seem to know somethin', after all," he said sharply.

"More than you do," muttered Dick in the rigging, a little fearful that Breen, unaware of the Captain's lately aroused suspicion, would show too great a proficiency at signaling; but he could not warn him now.

The number went aloft, and Captain Bilker jotted down on an envelope the interpretation of three signals which followed in rapid succession from the other.

"Six days out o' Montevideo for Cape Town," he read. Then he directed the hoisting of three sets of flags which told the other ship that they were fifty-seven days out of New York bound to Hongkong.

"Now that's over," said Captain Bilker, "we'll ask for news. Run up B—W—F."

Breen quickly toggled these flags together and hoisted them, watched closely by the Captain.

Four flags answered from the other, and Captain Bilker, observing through the glasses, called out: "C—K—V—R. What the deuce is he drivin' at?"

He studied his book. "Battle," he announced. "Must be spellin' somethin' out. Run up the answerin' pennant."

Breen picked it up readily. It was the small flag which he had hoisted first, and had two uses, one to indicate the code used, the other to signify that a signal is understood.

"How'd you know that was the answerin' pennant?" yelled the Captain in his ear. "Hey? Tell me. How d'you know so much 'bout these flags?"

"You told me to hoist it, sir," answered Breen, flushing slightly, yet ready with an explanation. "I was valet to a yacht-owner once, sir, and I've seen these flags before."

The Captain glared at him a moment, then said with a sniff: "I b'lieve yer a-lyin'. Don't you try an' fool me. Up wi' that pennant. What ye gapin' at?"

Three other flags were now flying from the Nova Scotiaman, and the Captain read, "C—L—J." Then he turned to his book.

"Ship," he said. "What on earth does he mean? Answer."

Breen, who had lowered the pennant, again ran it up. He had not unhooked it from the halyards, and the Captain noticed it.

"He's a gentleman's man, and a yacht-owner's valet," muttered the Captain, as he studied another signal from the stranger. "I wonder if he knows what B—Q—K—J means?" Glancing suspiciously at Breen's fixed face he consulted the book.

"Geographical signal," he said, turning the leaves. "Maine—Battleship Maine—that's what he's saying. What next?"

He read another signal, then another, and another, each following in rapid succession, jotting down the interpretations as he read them in the book. Then he read aloud: "Battleship Maine—destroyed—Havana—February 15. Since we sailed!" he added excitedly. "Answer that, and stand by."

He turned the leaves, studied a page, and said: "Run up C—G—M."

"C—G—M, sir?" answered Breen, fumbling the flags as excitedly as Captain Bilker fumbled the leaves of the book. "Did you say C—G—M, sir, or C—G—N?"

"What'd I tell you," yelled the Captain, reopening the book. "Keep yer ears open. C—G—N. That asks if there's any chance o' war. Now up wi' it, now that ye know all 'bout it."

Breen, with sparkling eyes, changed the signal, and Dick overhead mingled speculation as to the fate of his old ship and shipmates with appreciation of Breen's ability to take care of himself.

But the signal did not leave the deck. The excited skipper, to hurry matters, had bent the end of the halyards to the loop of the upper flag, while Breen changed the lower; he made a slippery hitch, and as Breen hauled on the other part the flags dropped and the end went aloft.

"Ketch it!" shouted the Captain to Dick. "Ketch that end 'fore it unreeves."

It was out of Dick's reach, but he danced up the rigging after it. To no avail, however; the higher it went the lighter it got, and the halyards whizzed through the sheave on the gaff and settled in a tangle on the house and deck. Captain Bilker's rage was akin to insanity.

"Get up there," he screamed to Breen. "Take that end aloft an' reeve it off, you infernal monkey. Don't wait to say yer prayers. Up wi' you."

Breen took the end and mounted the weather rigging, meeting Dick, who had come down to his work.

"Don't get on that gaff till you seize off the lift," said Dick softly. "It's chafed through, and he knows it. And he's suspicious of you. Just learned it. Here's a piece of marline."

"You say he knows it?"

"Reported it myself this morning."

"All right."

Breen took the length of marline and went aloft, while Captain Bilker improved the delay by walking back and forth and glaring unspeakable things at Dick. He could not but have understood the meaning of the short talk and the transfer of marline, yet when Breen, having reached the monkey-gaff, instead of climbing out on the smooth pole, made fast the end of halyards and climbed to the lift above at the cap, he broke forth into a tirade of profanity

"Get out an' reeve off them halyards," he roared between oaths. "D'ye hear, up there, you white-livered whelp? What's the matter wi' ye?"

To which Breen, busy at the seizing, made no response. He finished, descended to the gaff, climbed out and rove the halyards and overhauled the end to the deck. Captain Bilker caught it, and hitching it to the flags hoisted the signal, while Breen descended. His face was very pale as he passed Dick in the rigging, and he said

"That lift wouldn't have held the weight of a poodle dog. He was willing I should fall."

As Breen reached the deck the Captain was jotting down a reading of a new signal, obviously too engrossed now to punish Breen. "Up wi' the answerin' pennant," he said, then watched the signals through the glasses. He seized the book and turned the leaves.

"America," he muttered. "War expected between America and—what next?"

Again he peered through the glasses

"Up wi' that pennant again," he said, over his shoulder, and Breen, who had abstracted an iron belaying-pin from the fife-rail, tucked it into his belt and obeyed. The Captain consulted the book.

"D—F—W," he muttered. "What is it? Spain! War expected between America and Spain," he declared solemnly as he looked up. "Mr. Thorpe," he called to the mate, now on the forecastle deck, "come——"

"Yes, you murdering devil," interrupted Breen, with the belaying-pin over his shoulder. His face was still white and his words came forth with a businesslike distinctness quite at variance with the gentle speech of the gentleman's man. "And in the name of the United States Government I take charge of this ship. Do you surrender, quietly and instantly, or shall I kill you where you stand?"

"Wha—what? What you say?" stammered the Captain, backing away.

"I am a Government officer," said Breen, following, his iron club high over his head. "Do you give me charge of this ship?"

"No, by Heaven! I'll see you and the Gov

The heavy iron belaying-pin came down and the Captain fell like a sack of meal.

"Down from aloft, Halpin," called Breen, but Dick was already stepping out of the rigging. "The game is up Did you hear? The country's expecting war. Don't let that fellow into the cabin. Kill him if necessary"

"Very good, sir," answered Dick, securing another iron club similar to Breen's. The Ensign descended the after companion and Dick vaulted over the monkey-rail and sprang off the poop into the path of Mr. Thorpe, hurrying aft in response to the Captain's call.

How easy it was—after the first blow was struck. Dick faced the terrible first mate with a smile on his face and joy in his heart.

"Stop where you are," he said calmly. "Ensign Breen, of the United States Navy, has confiscated this ship and orders me to kill you if you make trouble. Understand?"

"Going to kill me, are you? Why? What have I done that I'm to be killed?" Mr. Thorpe backed away, and Dick followed. There was no fear in the face or the voice of the mate, even though he had seen the young man before him thrash the big Pig Jones that morning. But with his arm in a sling he was not at present fighting with fists or against them; neither was he opposing iron belaying pins. He was simply the signed first officer of this ship, whose life was threatened; and he took the right and proper course of action. With a sudden side-spring he drew a revolver and fired left-handed at Dick; but he missed him, and proved that his excellent marksmanship with the marlinespike was merely accidental. Dick rushed toward him and the officer fired again as he retreated. Dick followed on, in a frenzy born of his danger, risking death because he loved life, seeking only to get at this man who was trying to kill him. Around the booby hatch they manœuvred—around the capstan, back to the poop steps, and forward again, until, at the main fife-rail, as the mate paused to fire his fifth shot, a report rang out from the poop and he whirled around in his tracks with arms extended, reeled, fell and lay quiet on the deck. Dick turned and saw the Ensign lowering a smoking rifle from his shoulder.

"Down from aloft, everybody," sang out Breen. "Halpin, come here." Dick approached and received a revolver handed down to him. "Call the second mate—call the watch, forward there," he added in a voice which the men scrambling down from the rigging had not heard before.

Sawyer appeared; the firing had awakened him. He rubbed his eyes as he looked at the quiet form on the deck amidships; then he looked at Dick, carelessly holding his pistol muzzle down, and at Breen above on the house

"Sawyer," said Breen, "the United States expects war with Spain and I've taken charge of this ship as a naval officer. I think I've killed the mate and I think I've killed the skipper. Shall I kill you, too, or will you take orders from me?"

"Don't kill me, sir," answered Sawyer with a deprecatory gesture, while the slightest trace of a smile came to his face. "I submit to a show of force. I'll take orders from anybody with a gun. Just tell me what I'm to do, sir."

"Get all hands aft here at once."

"Very good, sir."

The speech which Breen made to the men when they appeared before him was short, sharp and expressive. In it he stated his position with regard to the Government and the law He granted permission for any and all of them to disbelieve him before his future handling of the ship and themselves convinced them of the truth of his words, but promised instant death to the first man who should act on his disbelief To which the men, with wonder and shock in their faces made no response. They shuffled their feet uneasily, looking at each other, at the complaisant second mate, at the stern faced Dick, and at the sterner-faced young man on the poop who had won their regard by his gentleness, politeness and deference to their superiority. Eight bells at the wheel struck while Breen waited for their answer, and with an impatient gesture he said: "Mr. Sawyer, send two men up here to lift the Captain down to the mizzen-hatch."

"Very good, sir," answered Sawyer with a man-of-war's-man's salute. "Wagner—Swanson, bear a hand here. Up on the house wi' you and bring the skipper down."

The two men hesitated, looking at each other and around at their shipmates; then they looked up at Breen, slowly bringing his rifle to his shoulder, and started for the steps. Their example seemed to decide the men; when Sawyer ordered two others to carry the mate to the hatch they obeyed readily. The Captain was carried down and laid beside the mate; then Breen called out: "Strike eight bells. Dinner the watch," and the men moved slowly forward. Breen had mastered them

FORTIETH CHAPTER

NEITHER the Captain nor the mate was dead. While Breen, Dick and Sawyer examined them on the hatch the mate quivered convulsively, rolled over on his side and relapsed into half-consciousness. Breen's bullet had glanced from his skull. A little later Captain Bilker arose to a sitting posture and stared at them with sleepy eyes while he uttered a sound that was half groan, half growl. Breen breathed a deep sigh of relief, and Dick, with his pistol at the Captain's head, could yet notice that the Ensign was deadly pale, that his hand trembled, and that drops of perspiration collected as fast as he brushed them away.

"I'm glad—it's better—I'm glad now," he said brokenly, "that I didn't kill them. They both deserve it, of course, but they ought to do it themselves. Mr. Sawyer," he added, "get leg irons out and shackle them together by the ankles, left to right—right to left."

Sawyer disappeared in the cabin, and Captain Bilker, still sitting and regarding them stupidly, still covered by Dick's pistol, broke forth into aimless, senseless abuse. He could not quite grasp the situation. By the time that Sawyer had locked his right ankle to the mate's left, and his left to the mate's right, he was sufficiently awakened to ask irrelevant questions—by which time Breen was sufficiently composed to answer and Mr. Thorpe conscious enough to listen.

"What you doin', anyhow—what you put the darbies on us for?" he asked with a snarl

"We ironed you," answered Breen incisively, "to keep you quiet—to restrain you from any futile and intemperate action. You will remain in irons until released by the order of the nearest Consul."

"We will, hey? D'ye know this is mutiny? D'ye know I'm Captain o' this ship?"

"I know that you were Captain; but you are deprived of command by a representative of the United States Government. I am a naval officer, as I have unavailingly told you before, and my acts will be upheld by any [illegible] you may appeal to. Do you understand—that you and your ship, and your owners, and your combined value to the commerce of America are of small importance compared with the country's need of her officers and seamen when war threatens? I waive all consideration of your attempt on my life this morning and rest my case on the fact that you were restraining me from my duty—taking me to sea when I am needed in the navy. So, as you are of a troublesome, dissatisfied disposition, you will be confined in irons on forecastle rations until we quit this ship."

"How'll you quit—in the middle o' the South Atlantic? Why didn't you make it clear—why didn't you prove yourself, if you belong to the navy? I didn't know."

"Yes, you did, you scoundrel," said Breen angrily. "You came to that knowledge this morning, when I failed to conceal my acquaintance with signal flags. Instead of recognizing my claim you tried to murder me. You sent me aloft to a job which would have killed me had I not been warned."

"And I'm sorry," spluttered the Captain in a burst of rage, "that you didn't come down by the run and break yer neck. Take these irons off my legs and I'll land you at the nearest port and be —— to you."

"That will do," said Breen coldly. "Stand up, the pair of you."

The mate had by this time assumed a sitting posture, but was hardly in condition to speak.

"Stand up," repeated Breen. "Catch one another by the shoulders and stand up, or we'll lift you with ropes around your necks. Quickly."

Breen's earnestness was more than evident. They looked at his stern countenance, forward to the observant watch on deck clustered near the galley door, and into each other's eyes. Then they gripped each other's coat-sleeves and hove themselves erect.

"March," commanded Breen, "to the poop steps, climb them and make your way to the lazarette hatch."

The Captain backing, and the mate following unsteadily, they moved in this reversed lock-step to the poop stairs, which they mounted slowly and painfully. Then they passed along the alley, cursing their victors furiously as they went, and stumbled around before the amazed helmsman to the lazarette hatch. Sawyer was ahead of them and lifted the cover. Breen and Dick were close behind

"Down you go," said Breen. "Remember that I am the lawful commander of this ship, empowered by law to enforce my orders with powder and shot."

He held his rifle carelessly in line with their heads, and Dick still carried the revolver. They seated themselves on the hatch combing, inserted their legs and floundered down to the flooring below

"You will be ironed by the legs to a stanchion," said Breen, looking down "but your hands will be left free, and you will receive medical attention; you will be closely watched, however, and any overt act of resistance or insubordination will result in your death. I will shoot you in irons. Mr. Sawyer, make them fast to a stanchion and tell the steward to nurse their hurts and feed them the forecastle allowance."

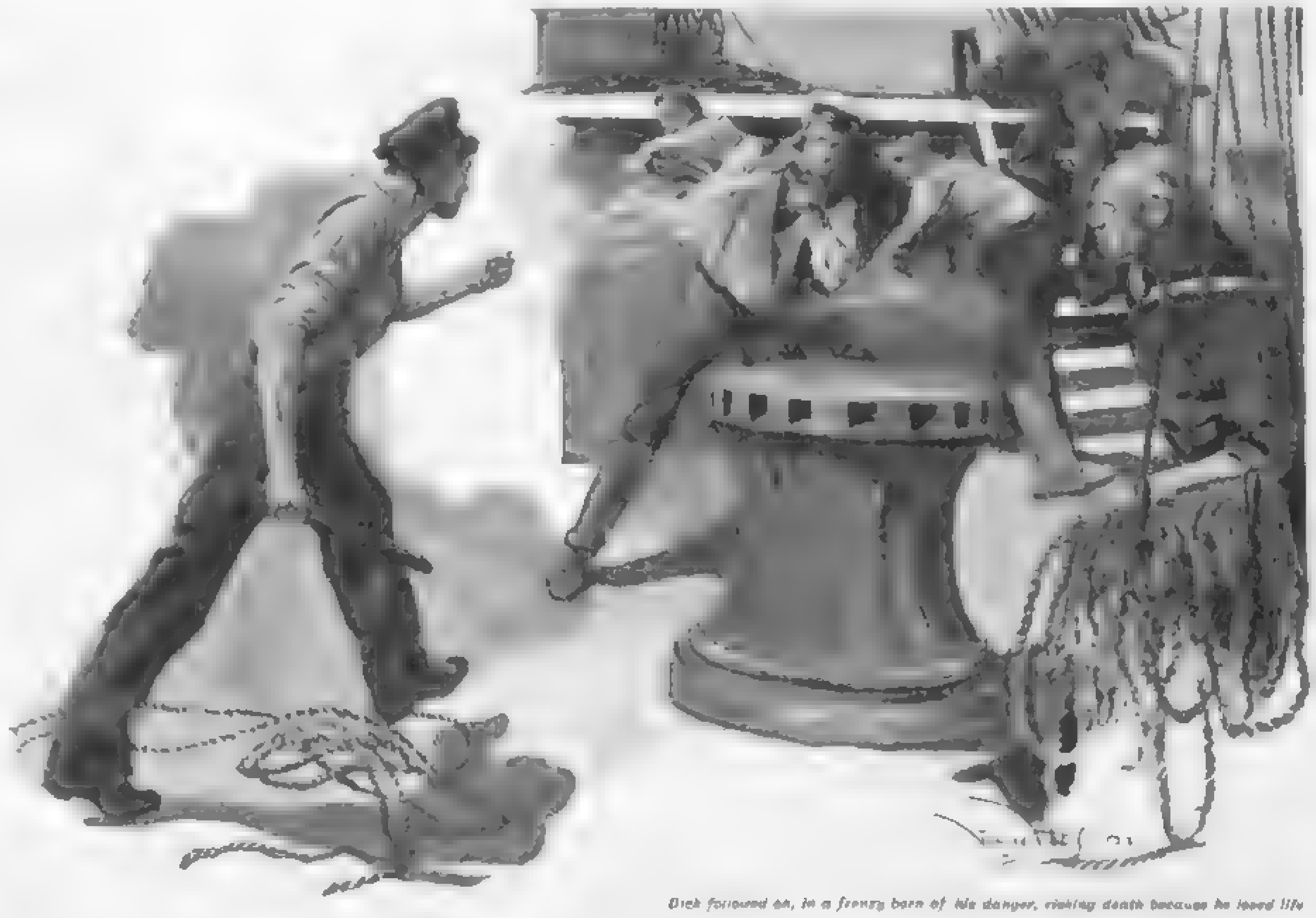
"Very good, sir." And Sawyer went forward with a joyous grin, while Breen mounted the house and went to the mizzenmast

"Come up here, Halpin," he said.

He was examining the Nova Scotiaman through the glasses when Dick reached his side.

"We'll ask a few more questions," he said. "We know that the Maine is destroyed and that war is expected—that is all." Breen consulted the code-book. "Lucky I remembered what C—G—N meant," he added, turning the

(Continued on Page 24)



Dick followed on, in a frenzy born of his danger, risking death because he loved life

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1901

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*

An exceptionally strong program has been planned for the Spring months.

Among a hundred able special articles soon to appear, the following may be mentioned as of unusual interest:

The Waste of Public Money: An able paper on "Pork Bill" politics, by ex-President Cleveland.

The Blaine-Conkling Truce: A hitherto unwritten chapter of political history, by Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith.

Fighting Fred Funston: A striking character-sketch of the man who captured Aguinaldo, by William Allen White.

Mr. Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners: The remarkable story of the brilliant success of these young ironmasters, by Paul Latzke.

Footnotes on a Literary Life: A series of delightful papers dealing with the author's experiences as printer, reporter, editor and novelist in the Middle West, by Opie Read.

The Passing of the Fur-Winner: The story of the Hudson Bay Company and its men, by W. A. Fraser.

The Charities of a Great City: An article telling how New York City cares for her poor people, by John W. Keller, Commissioner of Charities

The Future of Telegraph and Telephone: An absorbing paper, by Dr. A. E. Kennelly, the distinguished electrical expert.

Chances for Young Inventors: A valuable practical paper by Emile Berliner, one of the inventors of the telephone; How To Run An Automobile, by Van Tassel Sutphen; Why Young Men Should Begin at the Bottom, a strong paper by former Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn. How Women Will Dress in the Twentieth Century, an illustrated paper by Octave Uzanne, the celebrated French expert on costume

*

Following Masters of Men, and beginning in an early number, will come Calumet "K," a romance of the great wheat corner, by Merwin-Webster, joint authors of The Short Line War. This is a strong story of love, business and speculation.

Short serials by Will Payne, dealing with Chicago life, and William Allen White, dealing with Kansas conditions, will also be presented in early numbers.

Some of the best short stories of the year are scheduled for early appearance. Among them are:

Striking an Average: A deliciously clever satire on Chicago politics and pink teas, by Henry B. Fuller.

Love While You Wait: A brilliant little farce tale, by Lloyd Osbourne.

After the Concert: An exquisitely imaginative musical story, by Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

Rupert the Resembler: An inimitably droll burlesque of The Prisoner of Zenda, by Bret Harte.

Common Honesty: A piquant story of the ups and downs of Chicago business life, by Robert Herrick.

The Remittance Man: A two-part story of a young prodigal who has been sent out from England to Canada to make his fortune, by W. A Fraser.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has just written for the magazine six strong stories of life in modern Egypt. In these delightful tales Mr. Parker draws Arab and fellah and English subaltern with as much fidelity and dramatic perception as that with which he depicted the people of the Canadian provinces.

The universal popularity of Charles Macomb Flandrau's humorous serial, The Diary of a Harvard Freshman, has produced a strong demand for a further history of Granny and Berri and Professor Fleetwood. The Diary of a Harvard Professor, which is soon to appear, will also deal with university life—but from a slightly altered viewpoint.

*

Funston and the Swivel-Chair Soldiers

HAVING accomplished the feat of arms which the gold-laced, highly-trained major-generals have for two years been steadily failing to accomplish, the capture of Aguinaldo, General Funston must now prepare to have heaped upon him by the War Department the opprobrium which he deserves. He must be made to realize that although he captured the head and front of what the major-generals studiously term "the organized opposition to the United States forces," he did it in a manner which violated most of the regulations of the United States Army, several of the articles of war, and a variety of the rules which are learned at West Point.

But Funston, then a common volunteer—and from Kansas at that—broke into this Philippine business without the invitation of the adjutant-generals and major generals and other red-tape experts who have been playing with it for two years, and therefore he can hardly be expected to know all the rules of the game. Now that it is all over he doubtless bitterly realizes what bad form he displayed in his precipitate action in the forest when he grabbed the lithe insurgent chief around the waist and told him to lie quiet or get hurt. He did not realize at that moment how very much this rude action savored of the arrest of a disturber of the peace by a common policeman.

With Aguinaldo safe under lock and key, the high-salaried and expertly trained members of the How Not to Do It Club are verbose in their explanations of how that wily chieftain should have been captured without doing violence to the traditions of the Army and of the Infallible Red Tape Division of the Government service. When Funston learned from a Filipino traitor just where Aguinaldo was he should have shot the traitor at sunrise for being a spy. Then, with a band and a few regiments of troops he should have moved grandly to a position a few miles from Aguinaldo's capital, and, should any of the troops have been left after the ambuscades they would have passed through, he should have sent a detachment of them ahead under a white flag to tell Aguinaldo that the great American general was willing to grant him an audience. Meanwhile he should have cabled to the Infallible Red Tape Division of the Government at Washington to learn what terms he might offer the insurgent chief when he surrendered. After a wait of two or three days, during which Aguinaldo would have moved a few hundred miles farther into the country, the survivors of the white flag detachment would have returned and have had the honor to report that they had failed to find Aguinaldo. Thus General Funston, while he would not have actually captured the chieftain, would at least have shown proper respect for the traditions and precedents of the Army and could have returned with flying flags to Manila.

But, with that blatant disregard of the sacred cow known as "the customs of the service" which ever characterizes the blundering volunteer officer, Funston got the strange idea that the way to end the insurrection was to capture Aguinaldo, and that the way to capture Aguinaldo was to go out and get him.

—Frank X. Finnegan.

*

The most blissful ignorance in the world is that of the man who is ruled by his wife and who flatters himself that he is the head of the family.

*

The Rulers of the Czar

THE condition of Russia during the last half century has been a convincing proof that despotic government is incapable of maintaining itself under modern conditions. The real despot, the man who actually governed a country, knew all its needs, decided all its problems, is a thing of the past. Modern life has become too complex for him, and the nominal despot has to put himself into the power of officials, who constitute a big machine beyond his personal control. It is not the Czar who rules Russia, but the police department of the Government, and that with a stolid, brutal intolerance of personal initiative of which not even Ivan the Terrible would have been guilty. The Czar himself is one of the victims of the system which acts in his name, and accumulates around that name all the hatreds which officialism has earned

In Russia things have grown worse since an educated class has arisen through contact with Western civilization. To those who know under what conditions men live in countries ruled with some regard to the wishes of the people, the condition of Russia is not only intolerable but maddening. They are driven into revolt, and into sympathy with the literature of revolt. The most violent and negative books of Western literature, and they alone, are rendered into Russian, and if not printed or published they are multiplied by lithography and passed from hand to hand. The falsest impressions of Western thought are thus produced, and all conservative principles are undermined, as they never would be in a country with freedom of the press. Atheism is general among educated Russians, and anarchism is an especially Russian product, being derived from the writings of Michael Bakunin, who first proclaimed the wrongfulness of all authority—whether of the parent, or the magistrate, or God himself

So pervasive is this underground revolt against the established authority that the Czar cannot construct a court so as to exclude its representatives. In the court of Alexander II the Nihilist party was represented among his immediate attendants, as was shown by the regular appearance of the Nihilist organ on his breakfast-table. It is said that the courtiers are supplying the sinews of war for the present disturbances. In fact the intellectual classes are driven into a social hypocrisy, which finds its parallel in the act of the Russian atheist, who carefully and reverently greets the holy Icon on entering a room before he addresses himself to his host or hostess. If he did otherwise he would be a marked man.

That the revolt of the educated in Russia will emancipate their country is not possible until they acquire three things in which they are lacking. The first is the openness of courage. Secret societies will never emancipate a country, as Italy and Ireland have had reason to know. Emancipation has been the work of men who cried aloud in the market-place, and endured whatever the tyrant chose to inflict on them. The second is faith in something that will make men heroic, as the negations of modern materialism and anarchism never will. The last is leadership, and in this the Russian revolters have been seriously deficient. The women of the revolt have been more prominent than the men, and none has had the power to stir the somnolent mass of the Russian peasantry out of its torpor. It is possible that some Russian monk, like Father John of Cronstadt, will arise to put himself at the head of the whole people, and overthrow the bureaucracy in the name of God and the Czar.

Robert Ellis Thompson.

*

Tammany's commission in New York found much crime and no criminals.

*

Good Form for Conquering Nations

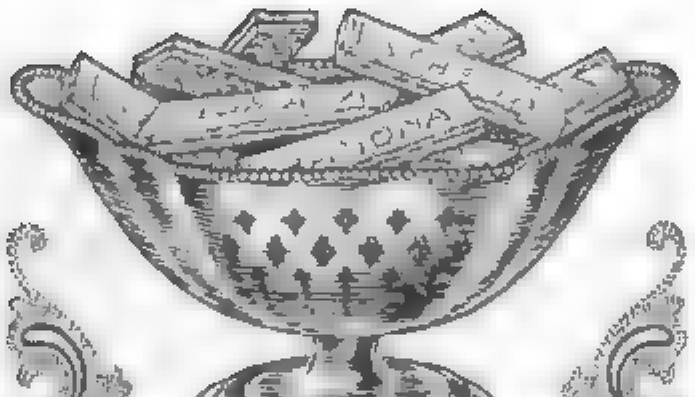
THE incident has been reported of how Admiral Cervera was greeted at Gibraltar by the Americans on board the Furst Bismarck when that steamer touched there on her way from New York to Naples. Among her passengers was Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of Virginia, who had known the Admiral when the latter was in the somewhat unpleasant position of prisoner of war, and who was on his way to pay a visit to his friend in Spain. When the British quarantine boat came alongside the ship under the shadow of "The Rock" Cervera was aboard her, and on his appearance on the Furst Bismarck's deck he was at once surrounded by a friendly group of American travelers who insisted on grasping his hand and giving him the most cordial greetings. One of them said bluffly: "Admiral, we Americans want you to know that we think you a brave man, and that we are sorry we had to lick you so badly."

That, to the Latin mind, is not just the way to put it, nor the best way to let bygones be bygones. Had the remark been made in a Madrid café it might easily have led to a heated discussion and to an account in the newspapers of how an American tourist had been insulted abroad. There was no incident at Gibraltar, and this wholly friendly and well-meaning remark is only cited as a typical example of the degree of politeness which most people, and not especially Americans, consider necessary in any international discussion. Manners between nations are not very different from manners between individuals, although the results of good manners might be rather more important in the former than in the latter case.

Nowadays, with the tide of Imperialism dangerously swelling everywhere, the etiquette of how to conquer and how to be conquered needs some studying in every country. A nation which for any reason whatever goes to war should be sure of two things if possible; first, that she can conquer her enemy, and second, that she can treat him decently after conquering him. Reconstruction must, of course, mean reconciliation. But America, for example, ought to wish not only for calm in the Philippines but for friendliness with Spain, although we have not annexed the latter, nor are we offering to her inhabitants the welcome freedom of our own institutions. Should the Latin league ever come into existence it might prove a great power. But leaving that out of the question, in international as in private life it may be safely contended that friendliness is always on the credit and dislike on the debit side. And even if nothing more were gained than that the American girl and her family might wander through Andalusian Seville and Granada undisturbed by the fear of ill will, it would be worth while taking some pains.

We need only observe the rule of sportsmanlike conduct in all games, and remind them as rarely as possible of the time we "licked them." Germany has lately taken this lesson much to heart in her dealings with France. England will have to do so in South Africa. The part of conqueror is after all so easy; he has had his fun, if one may put it that way, and can afford to keep quiet.

—H. G. Rhodes.



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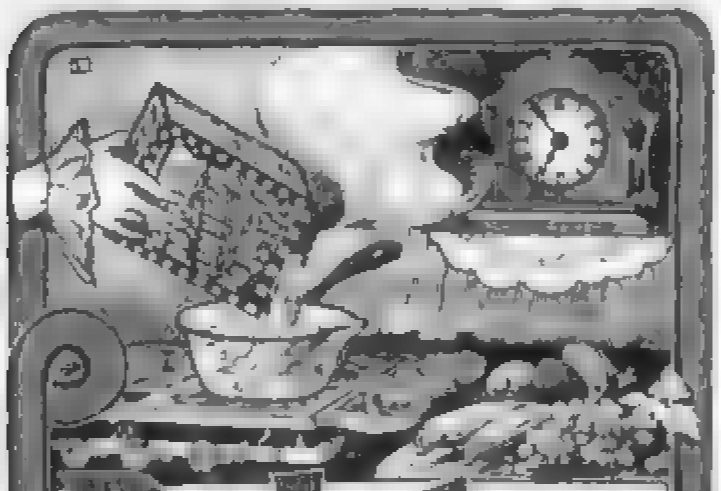

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Men & Women of the Hour

Badly-Timed Compliment

Brigadier General James F. Smith, of San Francisco, became Colonel of the First Regiment, California National Guard, in 1897, went to the Philippines in 1898, became the first American Governor of the Island of Negros in 1899, and is now a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His rapid advancement recalls an incident that marked the time when he was elected Colonel.

The election was held in the evening. During the day Mr. Smith, who is a lawyer, was engaged in defending fifty Chinamen charged with gambling. During the hearing the judge suddenly asked the prosecutor to point out certain ones of the indicted Chinamen who were supposed to be standing among the horde of Orientals in the back of the room. The prosecutor could not, and asked Mr. Smith to do so. Mr. Smith declined, the prosecutor persisted, the judge insisted, and the future General, remaining defiant, was sent to jail for contempt of court.

He went to jail late in the afternoon, and that very evening was elected Colonel. The next morning the newspapers throughout the State published a brief Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco relating the fact that Mr. James F. Smith had been elected Colonel of the First Regiment. The fact that he was also in jail was omitted. A friend of Mr. Smith, who had gone to Napa the day before, saw the dispatch and immediately sent the following congratulatory telegram:

"The right man in the right place."

When the message was delivered to the new-made Colonel in jail he couldn't see the humor of it at first. Then he realized that his admiring friend did not know the "place" where the message found him.

A Judgeship in a Mix-Up

Late in the year 1900 it was decided by the powers that be that Mr. Daniel H. McMillan, ex-State Senator of New York, and for many years general counsel, in the city of Buffalo, for the Vanderbilt system of railroads, was to be appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico.

This appointment had been urged not only by those who knew Mr. McMillan in the State of New York, but by lawyers of Santa Fé and of other cities in New Mexico, who knew of him and desired to see him obtain the place.

Toward the close of 1900, with Governor Otero, of the Territory, Mr. McMillan was on a Lake Shore train speeding toward Washington. When the train stopped at Painesville, Ohio, newsboys boarded it, and one of them called out: "All about the new Supreme Court Judge of New Mexico; Silas Alexander appointed." The Governor of the Territory and Mr. McMillan looked at each other, and they bought a paper; and in that paper they read in glaring headlines that Silas Alexander, of Santa Fé, had received the appointment to the vacant judgeship.

Mr. McMillan, the morning of his arrival in the Capital, went at once to the office of the Secretary of War.

"How did it happen I was not appointed?" he asked.

"Why," said Mr. Root, "you are appointed!"

"Why," said Mr. McMillan, "you are mistaken;" and he drew from his pocket the Cleveland newspaper of the day before. Secretary Root turned all colors. "This is a mistake," he said; "an absurd, strange mistake, for I have it from the President's own lips, corroborated by Mr. Griggs, Attorney-General, that your name was sent yesterday to the Senate for action and that the recommendation was duly signed by President McKinley."

Then the men went to the State, War and Navy Building and found Attorney-General Griggs.

"But you have been given the appointment," said Mr. Griggs.

"Then what does this newspaper report mean?" was the reply.

The Attorney-General was dumfounded. "I cannot conceive what it means," he said. He tapped his bell, and when a messenger came in response he requested the attendance of the clerk, in confidential relations with him, whose duty it is to fill in, upon appointment blanks, the names of those who are designed for appointments by the Executive.

The clerk appeared. "Mr. Blank," said the Attorney-General, "find out at once whose name was sent yesterday to the Senate with the recommendation by the President that he be appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico."

"I will look," said the clerk. He soon returned with a memorandum slip in his hand.

"Mr. Alexander," he said; "the man from Buffalo."

Then a glimmering of the truth dawned upon the group. "Are you sure," said Attorney-General Griggs, "that the name was not McMillan?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "the name was Silas Alexander."

The situation was remarkable and time was important.

The President of the United States had, inadvertently, by the error of a subordinate, been made to set aside the man whom he had intended to name.

There came a pause. Mr. Griggs broke the silence.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "the fat is in the fire, but we must get it out. My subordinate has made this mistake, and I must do my best to get it rectified, and perhaps the fault is partly mine, for I told him to fill in the name of 'the Buffalo man,' and he probably, seeing the name Alexander and identifying it with the Congressman of the same name, prominently known in Washington as coming from Buffalo, thought that he was to be the appointee."

And so the three men went to the President and explained matters; and as a consequence a messenger, preceded by a telephone message, sped rapidly toward the Capitol with instructions to seek immediately the leader in the Senate and prevent any action on the mistaken nomination, and to make the statement to that leader that it was withdrawn.

The messenger arrived just as the Senate was about to take action, and if the telephone had been relied upon the nomination of Silas Alexander would have been confirmed by the United States Senate and the will of the President of the Republic would have been defeated.

How Mr. Schwab Got Back

Many anecdotes are being told of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Carnegie Steel Company. As is well known, Mr. Schwab is in the widest sense a self-made man. He became President of the company when he was less than thirty-five years old, and is still under forty. At twenty-three he was placed in charge of the Homestead plant—then the largest steel plant in the world.

Mr. Schwab found one of the departments in charge of his younger brother, who also had worked up from the bottom. As soon as things had settled down, and he had grasped all the details of the business, Mr. Schwab sent for his brother and said:

"It so happens that I have come into a controlling position. You have not. Hereafter, no matter what are your merits your chance of advancement and promotion will be very poor. If you are put ahead, no matter how meritorious such promotion may be, everybody will say: 'It is because of your brother's position.' The very best thing you can do is to get out and start all over again somewhere else."

The younger Schwab required only a moment to make up his mind.

"All right," he said, "I will go; but the time will come when you folks will be mighty glad to have me back."

The brothers, who are great chums, shook hands warmly, and the younger started out with nothing except the prestige of having been five years with the Carnegie Company, and of having worked his way unaided to the head of one of the big departments. This record was sufficiently strong to procure him at once an opening in one of the rival concerns—the Midvale Steel Company. Inside of two years he had worked his way up to be General Manager, and he made himself felt as the most active competitor of the Carnegie Company.

So strong did he become in this position that the condition he had prophesied came to pass. The Carnegie Company, through Mr. H. C. Frick, who was then President, made him an offer of a partnership to come back. After some deliberation he accepted the offer and he is now the General Manager of one of the main Carnegie plants.

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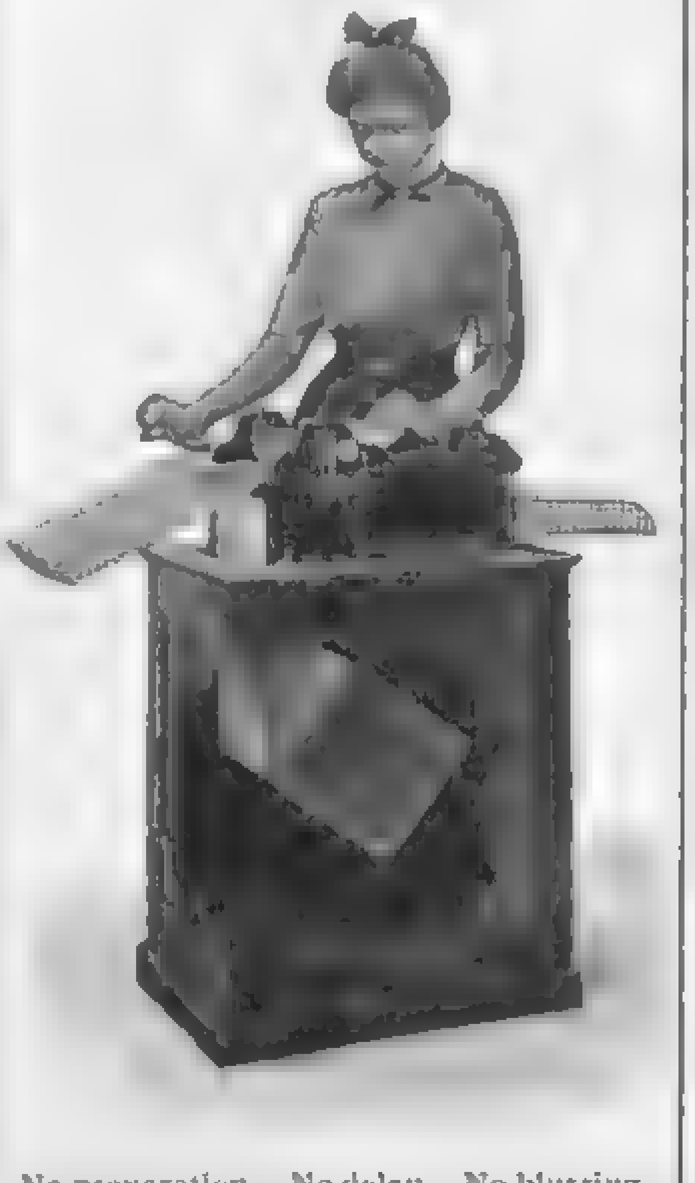

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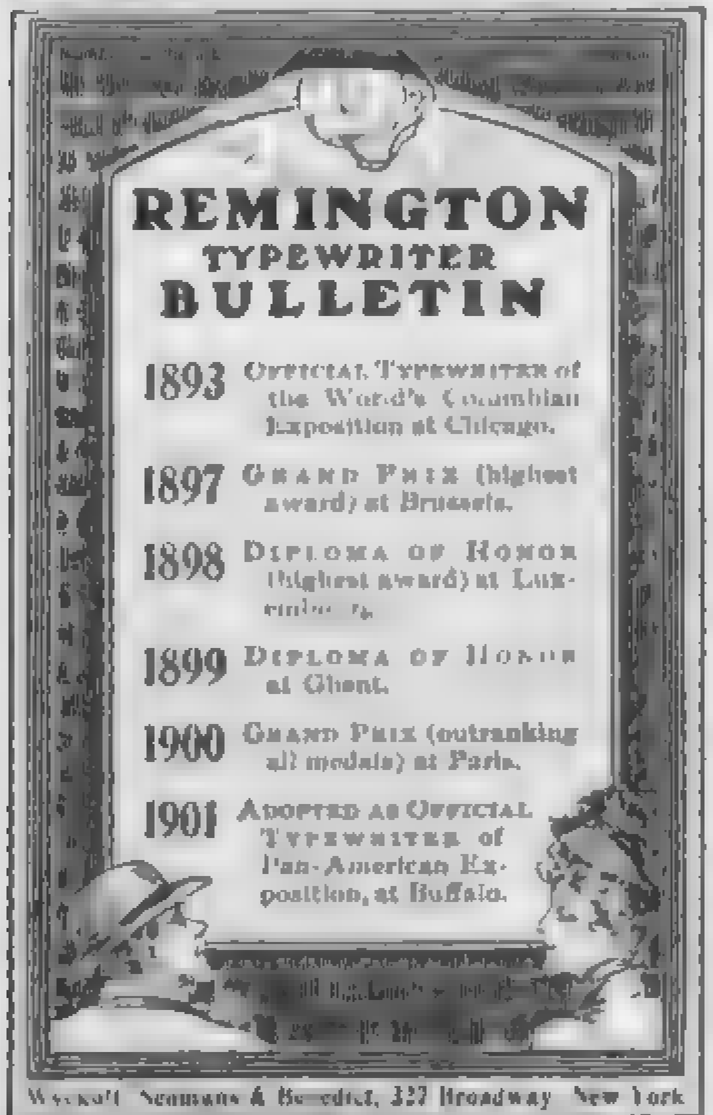

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Yankee Fig Culture

By René Bache

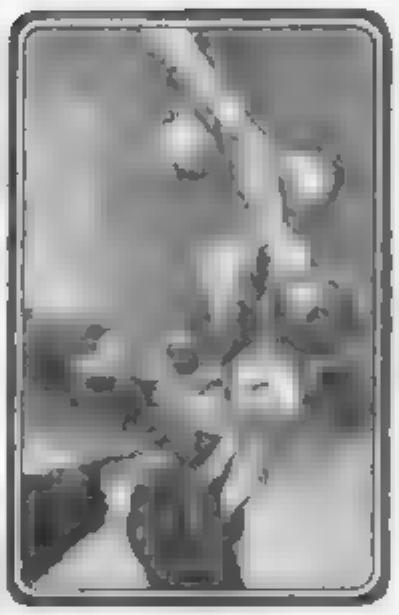


FIG-CULTURE on an extensive scale has seemingly been made practicable in this country by recent Government experiments, and, unless present expectation is disappointed, a new and important fruit-growing industry will soon be opened to American enterprise. On the whole, the investigation that has led to these results was the most picturesque ever undertaken by Uncle Sam, inasmuch as it involved the importation from abroad of an insect which is so necessary an ally in the business contemplated that without its aid there would not be the slightest hope of carrying out the plan. To this bug, in fact, which is very minute, is due the prospect that California and other States in the South and Southwest will, within a few years from now, become great producers of Smyrna figs, and will perhaps drive the foreign article out of the market on this side of the Atlantic.

Figs are not new in the United States. They were grown in California by the Spanish padres as early, probably, as 1710, and were introduced widely in the South by the old-time French and Spanish settlers. At Chico, 130 miles north of San Francisco, is a fig tree that is one of the horticultural curiosities of the country. It is eleven feet in circumference near the base, and its branches have grown down into the ground and sent up new shoots, the process having been repeated until a ground space 150 feet in diameter is covered by this giant of its tribe.

In the Southern States figs are largely used, being eaten fresh, with sugar and cream, made into puddings or pies, canned or preserved, or, occasionally, dried.

Many attempts have been made to dry figs on a commercial scale in California, but some time ago it became evident that fruit of this kind, produced there, did not compare in quality or market value, when thus treated, with the imported Smyrna figs. At first it was supposed that the varieties that had been introduced were not the right ones, and in 1880 and 1882 Mr. Gulian P. Rixford, of the San Francisco Bulletin, with the aid of our consul at Smyrna, obtained from that region about 14,000 cuttings of the best Smyrna fig trees. These cuttings were widely distributed, and great expectations of them were entertained, but, when the trees grown from them came into bearing, they invariably dropped their fruit when it was no bigger than a marble. Subsequent efforts in the same line were equally unsuccessful.

At length, however, the cause of the difficulty became known, and the insect already referred to made its appearance as an obvious factor in the problem.

The Smyrna fig, which is the standard fig of commerce, owes its peculiar and delicious flavor to the ripe seeds it contains, and these ripe seeds are only to be gained by the fertilization of the blossoms with pollen derived from another kind of fig—namely, the wild fig native to the region where the Smyrna fig is grown. The Smyrna fig tree produces no pollen, its flowers being exclusively female ones, and thus, not being able to fertilize itself, it has to depend upon the wild fig to accomplish this purpose.

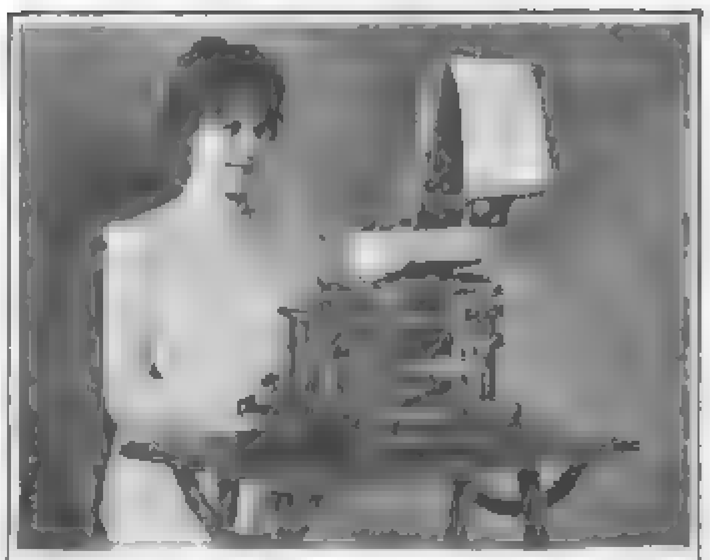
Now, the pollen of the wild fig is conveyed to the flowers of the Smyrna fig by a minute insect, which thus produces a crop of seeds and brings about the ripening of the fruit. In order to facilitate the process, the people of certain Oriental regions have been accustomed from time immemorial to break off the figs from the wild trees and bring them to the edible fig trees, tying them to the branches. It is a method simple enough, but it obviously necessitates the presence of wild fig trees and also of the insects which are hatched and attain maturity in the fruits of the wild fig. Cuttings of the wild fig were brought to California from Smyrna as long ago as 1886, when the true idea as to the nature of the problem began to dawn upon investigators, but the bugs did not arrive with them, and hence the experiments were foredoomed to failure.

When the matter came to be really understood, it was still a question whether the insects could be successfully imported and induced to propagate. That all requirements were already met, barring only the bugs, was demonstrated ten years ago by Mr. George C. Roeding, a California orchardist, who succeeded in fertilizing young Smyrna figs on his land with pollen taken from the flowers of wild fig trees. He did it by shaking the pollen out of the wild fig blossoms and introducing it with a quill into the young Smyrna fig. This was most interesting; and an improvement in the process was made by using, in place of the quill, a glass tube drawn very fine at one end. After gathering a little of the pollen at the end of the tube, Mr. Roeding would insert the glass point into the fig and blow. By this means true Smyrna figs were first induced to ripen in this country.

Meanwhile the Department of Agriculture had become greatly interested in the subject, and had begun to make plans for introducing the insects. It was deemed desirable, as a preliminary, to establish Smyrna fig trees and wild fig trees in a number of localities in California and the Southwestern States, so that the bugs, when they arrived, might find conditions suitable for their survival and reproduction. Without wild figs the little strangers would be unable to live or to perpetuate their species; and so, in the winter of 1889, large numbers of wild fig cuttings were obtained from Turkey and distributed among growers. The first actual importation of the insects was accomplished by private enterprise, a consignment of them being secured from Syria by Mr. James Shinn, of Niles, California, in July, 1891. Unfortunately, there were not at hand enough wild figs to provide for their propagation, and they all died.

Obviously, there was as yet no occasion for being discouraged, especially as Mr. Roeding from year to year continued his artificial fertilization of Smyrna figs on his place at Fresno, and even went so far as to send to Washington tantalizing consignments of his product, which the Government

Stringing the wild figs and getting them ready for hanging upon the branches of the Smyrna fig trees. Mr. Schwarz, at the table, is inspecting wild figs and selecting for use those which contain the precious insects



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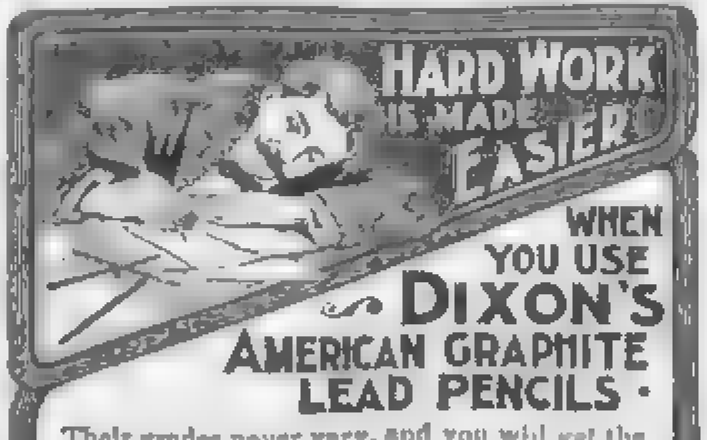

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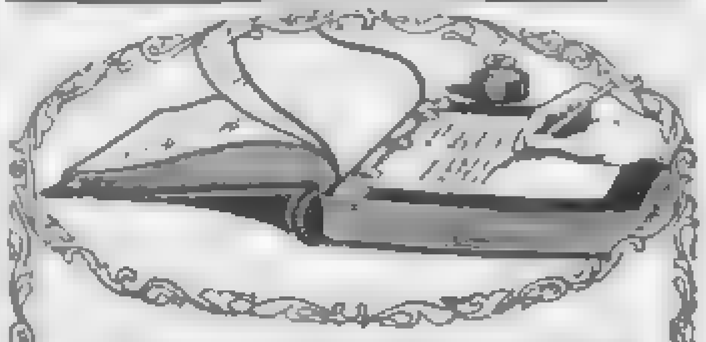

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experts found to be most delicious and quite equal in all respects to the imported article from Smyrna. In 1897 Dr. L. O. Howard, Uncle Sam's Entomologist-in-Chief, was finally authorized to make an attempt to import the insects, and, under his direction, Mr. W. T. Swingle, an agent of the Department of Agriculture, then in Europe forwarded to Washington a consignment of green wild figs containing the bugs, each fig being closely wrapped in tin-foil.

Doctor Howard, after visiting Mr. Roeding's place near Fresno, and finding there nearly 5000 thriving fig trees, including one hundred wild fig trees, decided that this was the most favorable locality for the experiment contemplated. The first thing done was to inclose a wild fig tree in a thin cloth tent and to liberate, inside of the tent, the insects, which presently emerged from the imported fruits. The trial was a failure. In fact, the experts had all but decided that the enterprise was hopeless by the time that certain further consignments were received from Mr. Swingle in March and April, 1899.

The fruits included in these last consignments were found to be full of the insects in a half-developed state, and were placed under the covered tree, though no expectation was felt that anything would come of it. However, in the latter part of June, 1899, while one of Mr. Roeding's men was engaged in gathering wild figs and extracting the pollen for the purpose of artificially fertilizing Smyrna figs by the usual blowpipe process, he found one fig which, to his great surprise showed evidence of the presence of the bug. Careful examination was made of the tented tree and it was discovered that, though most of its fruits had shriveled and dropped off, about twenty of them were green and plump, and contained the much-desired insects.

The insects, in a word, had been successfully introduced at last. They pass through several generations in a single season, it appears, and it had so happened that Mr. Swingle did not at first send the generation that was properly adapted for the purpose of continuing its species after importation. In the final consignments this error was corrected, and hence the favorable result. To protect the over-wintering bugs from possible frost, Mr. Roeding promptly built a large cloth house to inclose three trees, which bore fully 1000 figs, and, the experiment being at last an undoubted triumph, Doctor Howard sent to Fresno one of his assistants, Mr. E. A. Schwarz, who arrived there in March of last year and remained until November.

There were by this time enough of the infested wild figs to furnish insects for fertilizing a large part of the Smyrna fig trees in the orchard, and Mr. Schwarz proceeded to take for this purpose just such measures as are adopted in Turkey, plucking the wild figs and attaching them by strings to the branches of the Smyrna fig trees. At six o'clock each morning all hands turned out and, under his direction, plucked the wild figs which were laid out in trays for inspection, so that only those that seemed likely to give out a good supply of insects might be used. The good ones were then strung upon short pieces of cord, with the help of a strong needle—a disagreeable process, inasmuch as the milklike fluid that exudes from the stems is poisonous and causes the fingers to burn like fire—and finally the strings were hung over the branches of the Smyrna fig trees. In this way about 18,000 of the infested figs were distributed, and the fertilization of more than 1300 Smyrna trees was successfully provided for.

The effect of the process on the young Smyrna figs becomes plainly visible within a few days. Instead of withering and dropping off, they swell up and become rounded and sleek.

After the figs have been collected they are dipped in boiling brine, and then dried on trays for from two to four days, according to the weather. The dipping is supposed to bring the sugar to the surface and hasten the drying. After being dried the figs are placed in "sweat-boxes" holding 200 pounds each, where they remain for two weeks. Then they are washed in cold salt water, to remove all dirt, and are packed by women and girls in half pound, one pound and ten pound boxes, in layers, being split preliminarily with a short-bladed knife.

The forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture will contain an exhaustive essay on this subject by Dr. L. O. Howard, who says that the success of last season's work at Fresno indicates that many localities not only in California, but also in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, will soon be producing good crops of Smyrna figs.

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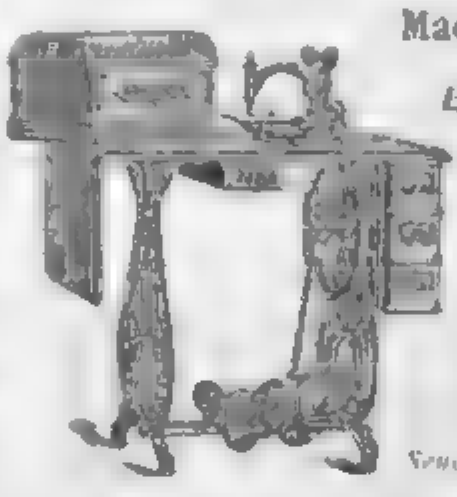

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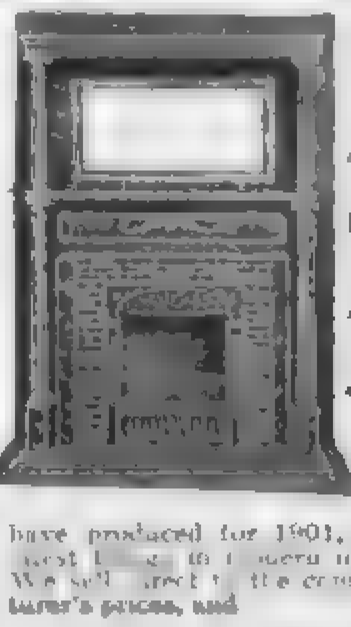

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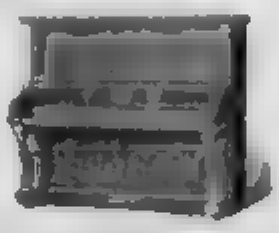

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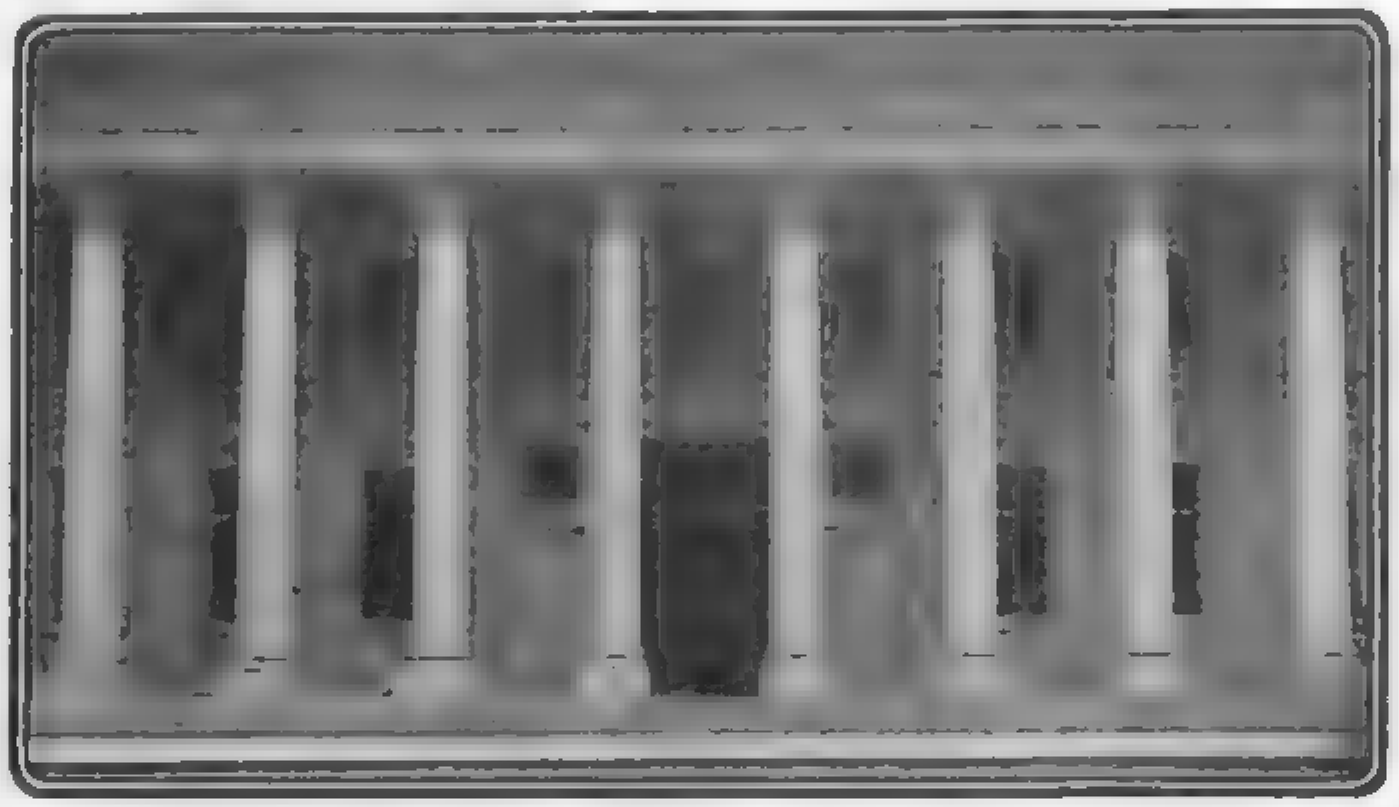
How to Get On in a City Bank

By B. M. Chattell



The Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, of which Mr. Chattell is an officer

THERE is a positive and clearly defined dearth of young men fitted to fill the responsible positions in the big city banks. The demand for men able to assume with fair surety of success the responsibilities of executive positions in institutions of this kind is far greater than the supply. So marked is this shortage of good banking timber that the heads of nearly all the great metropolitan financial institutions consider the problem of filling the higher positions in their services as among the most serious and perplexing of the situations with which they are confronted. And it is generally admitted that the future holds little promise of substantial relief in this respect.

This condition is as much due to the exacting and arbitrary nature of the services demanded and of the apprenticeship leading up to the places worth striving for as to other causes, and perhaps the burden of the responsibility rests with this cause.

Culture is an Essential for a Well-Paid Place

Hundreds of competent bank clerks fall just short of promotion to official positions from lack of that poise and polish which are generally designated as culture. They have demonstrated their capability in all the various branches of accounting, they have given constant proof of their faithfulness and reliability and have shown a satisfactory gift of executive ability, they are promoted to the highest clerical positions—and there they stick, wondering why they are not advanced to the official places! It is doubtful if there is a single man who comes fully up to this standard of competency whose elevation to the dignity of a minor official position has not been discussed by his superiors. Generally the verdict regretfully rendered is substantially this: "He is in every way able to take the place except in the essential qualifications of natural refinement and tact developed by a broad education.'

Why place so much stress upon this quality of culture in a bank official? Because he is constantly brought into contact with polished men of the world and must have a fair amount of that kind of polish himself or they will have none of him! Not all the important customers of banks are persons of pronounced culture, but many of them are, and their number, as compared with that of the uncultured element, is rapidly on the increase.

Slang and its Dangers to Young Men

Lack of the ability to acquire polish of manners or even ordinarily "good address" is a constant drawback to the progress of the bank clerk. Few weeks pass in which this common fault is not brought in a practical and forcible manner to the attention of every employing official of a large city bank. Recently a young man came to my desk and applied for a good position—a place to which I should gladly have appointed the right kind of an applicant. He stated that he had been employed for several years in another large bank in the city, but had "got into a scrap with the old man and been tossed out." These and many other slang expressions almost hopelessly prejudiced his case at the very start, but I promised to look into the matter and see what could be done. The young man impressed me favorably so far as his looks were concerned, and it seemed possible that his discharge might have taught him a lesson which, enforced by a very plain talk, might help him to correct his fault and become a valuable man. At the bank where he had been employed for six or seven years I made my inquiries of a disinterested official who had not been in immediate relationship with the young man. His answer was: "He is bright, capable, energetic, honest and possessed of good executive ability, but his fibre is coarse and he is incapable of taking on enough polish to do business with cultivated persons."

This statement settled the whole matter. If self interest was not sufficient to prevent the young man from giving way to his temper when mildly reproved for a palpable fault, would it not be absurd to expect that a regard for the welfare of a "soulless corporation" would inspire him to the exercise of a greater self control? When the young man came to inquire my decision I opened the conversation with the statement that I had been to look up his record with his former employers. "Well," he exclaimed, "I suppose they did their best to knock me!"

College Men Rarely Take Up Banking Work

More than fine manners and grace of speech is demanded of the successful bank official, but the young man who uses the slang word "knocking" as a synonym for "ill-speaking," when applying for any position in a bank, must expect the unceremonious rejection of his application. From what has been said concerning the need of that broad, general education and worldly polish which we call culture, it might naturally be suggested that the college man affords just the kind of timber needed for the making of the bank official. This has been the constant but deceiving hope of the employing banker. The right sort of college man would no doubt develop into an excellent bank official, but he is of precisely the kind who has no thought of following banking as a business. The young man without a fortune in hand or in prospect almost invariably picks his career before entering his college or university and bends all his studies and energies toward that goal. The choice of this kind of young man is rarely the banking business; that may be depended upon.

At every point in this business is encountered a strenuous demand for self denial, and the American temperament, as exemplified in the average young man of to-day, does not take kindly to self denial. Few young Americans having a good common school education are willing to take a position as messenger at a salary of twenty to forty dollars a month, and the number of college men who are willing thus to humble themselves that they may be exalted is still more meagre.

Necessity of Application and Hard Study

In the monotony of life in a bank is to be found the explanation of the unprogressive spirit which very generally obtains in the large financial institutions. It is not to be wondered at that after the employee has been tied down to a desk all day long under pressure of the most absolute and strenuous kind, he should be disinclined to turn at the close of his task to serious

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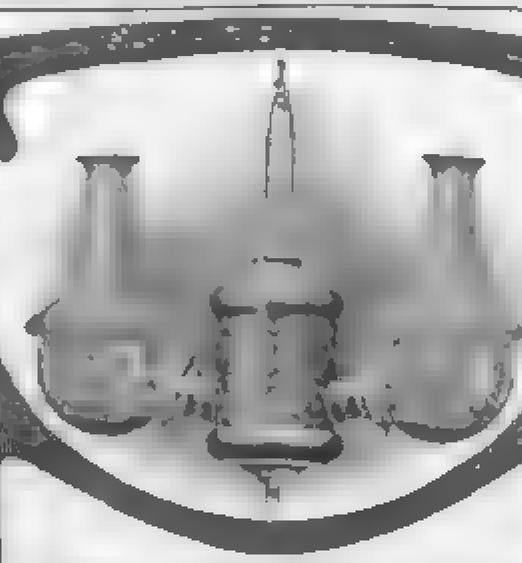

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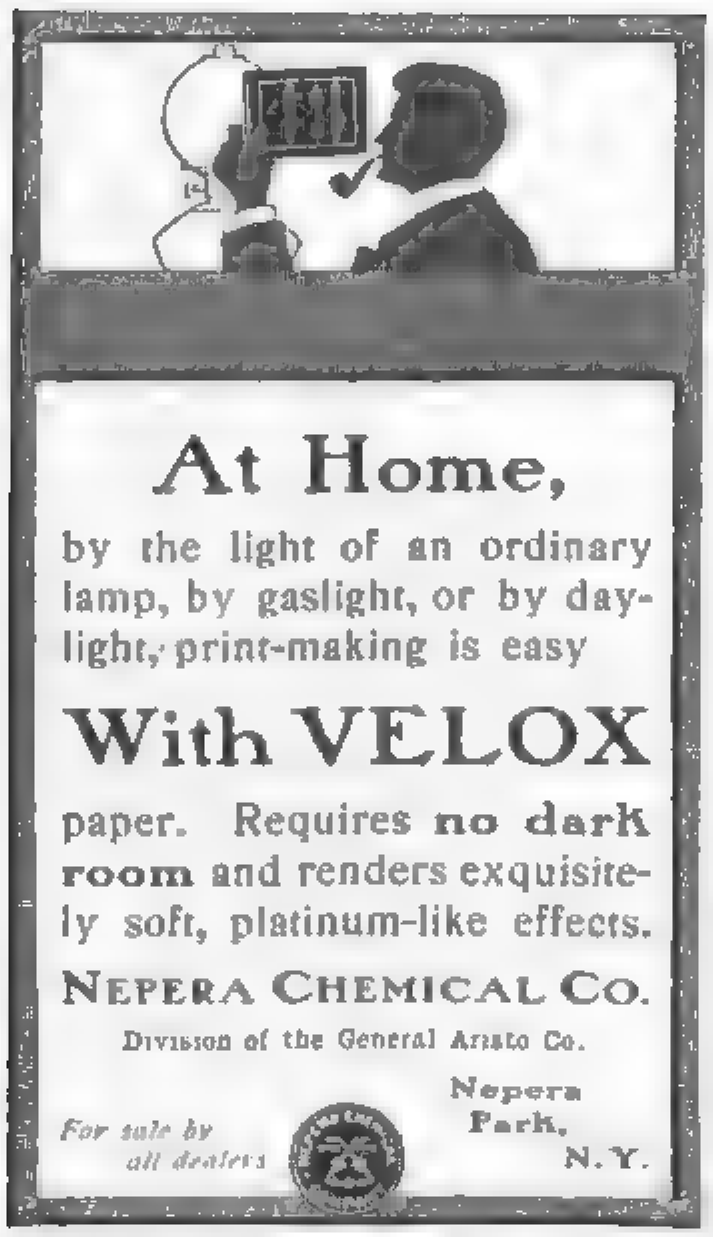
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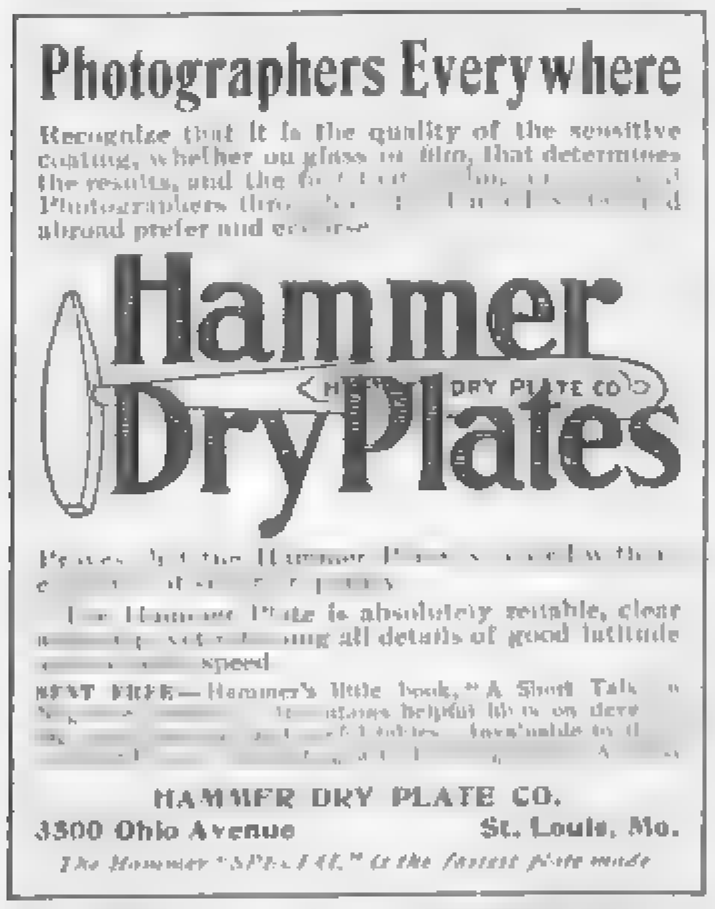
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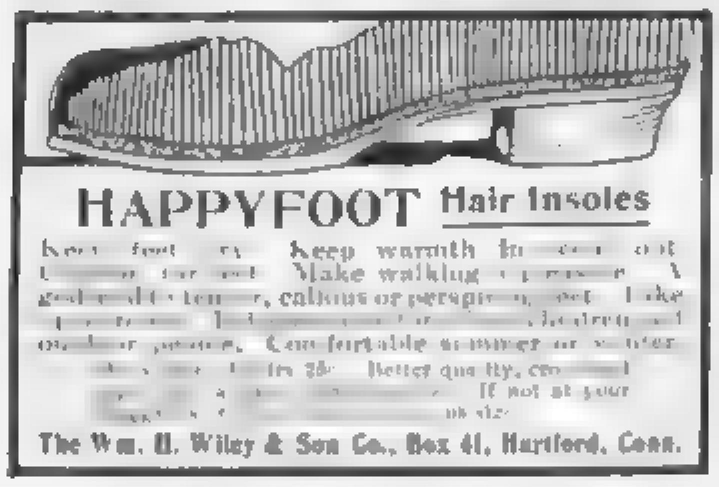
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study. All this is fatal to the spirit of progressive culture which is absolutely necessary to the success of the bank official. In large measure our common schools and colleges are responsible for this lack of study on the part of those who have left educational institutions behind them. It is a notable fact that there are more men of foreign than American birth at the front in the banking business in America. What is the reason for this? Generally speaking, these foreigners start into the business better grounded in the elementals of education than are the young Americans, and they carry their studious habits with them through life. Their application is sublime, and this frequently more than offsets the mental brilliancy and elasticity of the young American.

The indisposition of the average bank employee to take the necessary pains to fit himself for a position higher than that of a clerk is discouraging in the extreme to the man who is trying to train winners for the best prizes at his command.

Salaries and Advancement in Large Banks

The routine line of advancement in a city bank is as follows. As "messenger" the beginner is sent out to collect drafts drawn upon the business men of the city and to attend to other outside duties of a parallel kind. This experience is invaluable and absolutely necessary to the man who would make any progress whatever in banking. He is seldom paid more than forty dollars a month in this position and is promoted to one which keeps him inside the bank, where he is in charge of certain minor records, acts as a monitor of messengers, files vouchers, and undertakes other responsibilities. If found to be efficient in these tasks he is given a trial on a set of books. In this capacity he is generally paid about $900 a year. The next step in the line of promotion is to the position of minor teller or general clerk. The salaries of general clerks, tellers and heads of departments in the large city banks range from $3000 to $4000.

It is when the young man reaches the dignity of "a window" that he has opportunity best to display his ability to discharge the responsibilities of an official. While, as I have before said, he has not the official authority to settle a dispute he may by the exercise of tact and decision frequently avoid the development of a question to the proportions which demand that it be referred to an official, and he may depend upon it that if he has the diplomacy and courage voluntarily to assume the smaller burdens of an official's life he will be marked for promotion.

Some Hints as to a Banker's Early Training

It seems well-nigh impossible to find a young man who is a good letter writer, and this accomplishment is one of the most valuable and substantial qualifications that any person can possess for advancement in the banking business. Early in my experience the possible importance of a well-written business letter was impressed upon me by an experience wherein one carefully formulated letter resulted in a saving to a large institution of $7000 a year.

If asked to prescribe a course of training for a boy who seems inclined to adopt banking for a career I should suggest this plan. When the boy is twelve or thirteen years of age take him on visits to various commercial houses, and in an entertaining rather than a didactic way call his attention to the main mercantile forms and explain to him the rudiments of business. When ready for the university let him choose between a college course and a training in the school of active business experience. If the latter be selected let him be placed in a big jobbing house serving successively in the shipping, the collecting and the accounting departments. This will give him a grasp upon the relations between the actual goods and the numerals by which they are represented in the calculations of the accountant. At the same time let him be encouraged to visit houses handling other lines of goods. This will prepare him for a grasp of the banking business that can be obtained in no other way.

But, to make up for the sacrifice of a college training, he should hold himself persistently to a course of outside study, thorough, systematic and comprehensive in its nature. If the boy elect to go to college he should, on his return from that institution, begin at the shipping department of the jobbing house and follow in the line suggested for the boy who chooses the discipline of active business instead of a course in college.

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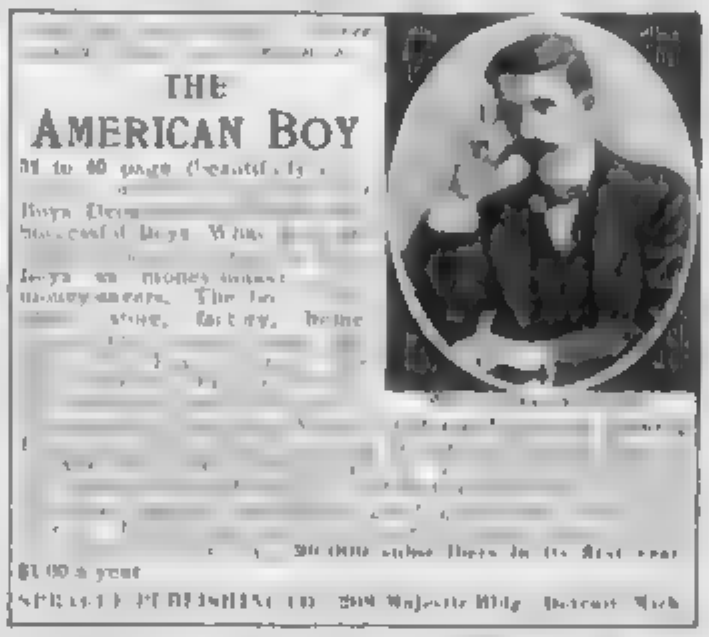
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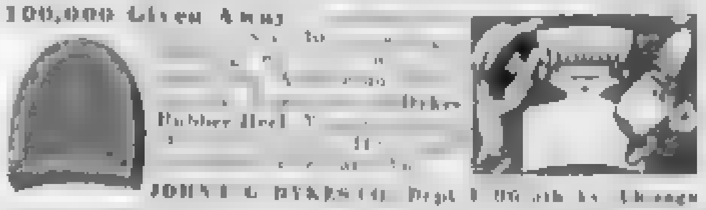
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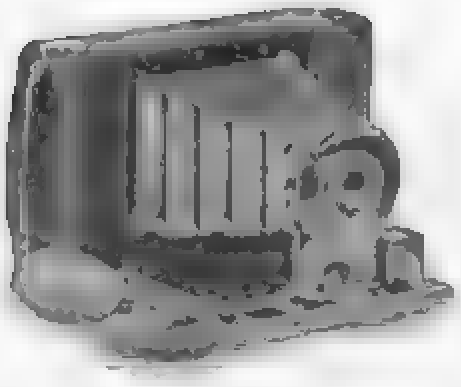

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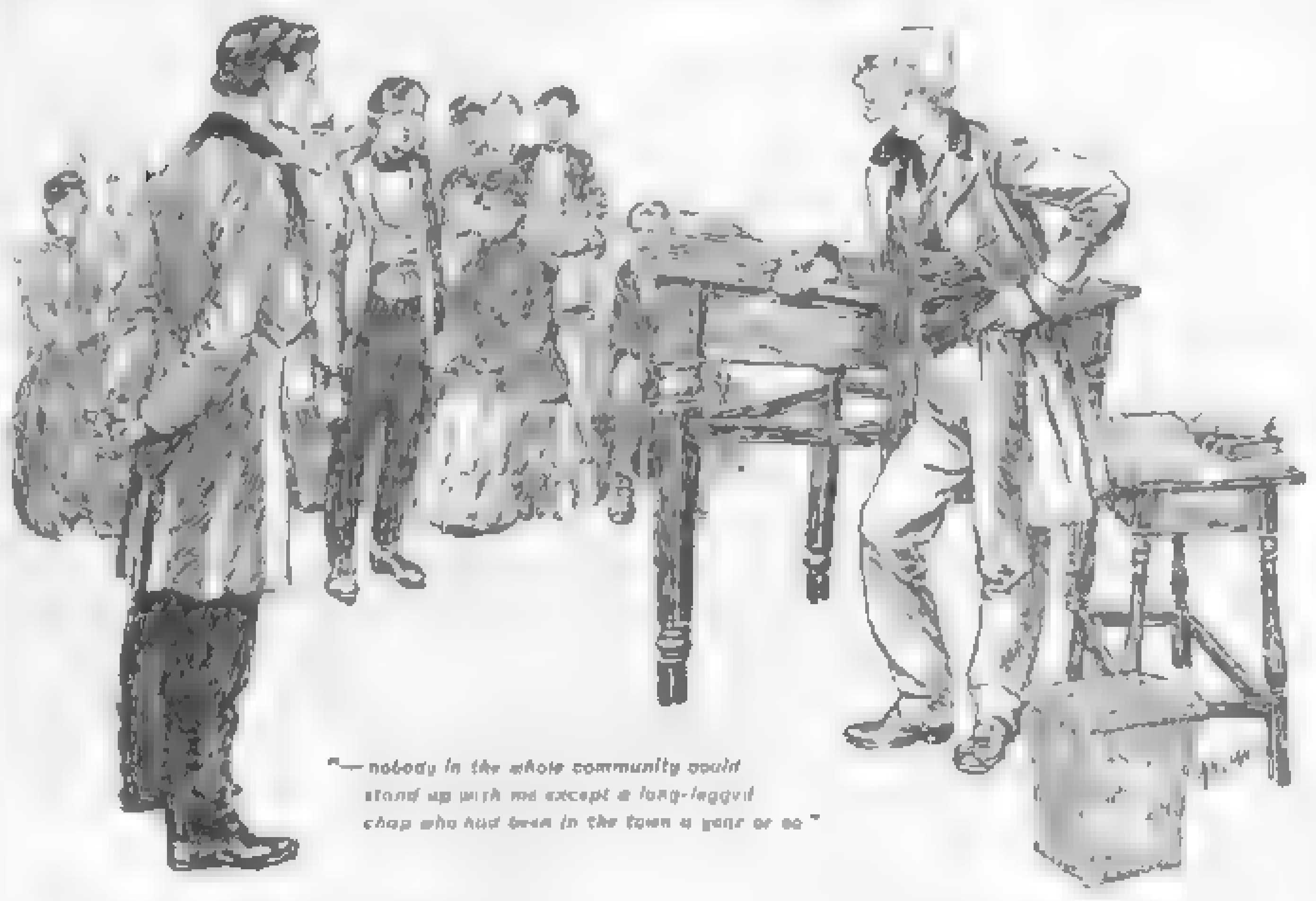

"—nobody in the whole community could stand up with me except a long-legged chap who had been in the town a year or so"

By William J. Lampton

A SOLEMN stillness pervaded the sanctum of the Sorghumville Scorcher. The Exchange Fiend was hid behind a newspaper; Old Subscriber sat on the coal-box smoking; Vox Populi was writing a protest against the prevalence of pigs on the streets; and Taxpayer, who had just come in, was backed up to the stove. The Editor sat at his table with his chair tilted back and his legs doubled and twisted under him. It was a posture of great mental endeavor with him. There had been a spelling bee at the schoolhouse for the benefit of the Methodist Church, and the Editor wanted to make a feature of it

"Gittin' ready to jump on the administration or sumpthin' like that?" inquired the Taxpayer, observing the Editor's couchant attitude

"No," smiled the Editor, "I'm trying to do something extra nice for the Methodist spelling match the other evening"

"I hear they tuck in seven dollars and fifteen cents," said the Taxpayer.

"Seven dollars and seventeen cents," corrected Old Subscriber. "Somebody dropped in a postage stamp that stuck to the side of the box and wasn't counted till after the report was made."

"Speakin' of spellin' bees," said the Taxpayer, addressing the Editor, "do you reecollect that time you got floored?"

Everybody became attentive, for the Editor had a county-wide reputation as a speller

"Don't I?" laughed the Editor. "I guess I'd be a bachelor if it hadn't been for that."

I've clean forgot," reflected the Old Subscriber. "How was it, anyhow?"

The Editor undoubled and swung half around in his chair to face his auditors.

'Um um," he said getting his start slowly, "it was thirty odd years ago and I was [illegible] twenty-four. I was a young printer and it was my business to know how to spell. I had the knack besides, and nobody in the whole community could stand up with me except a long-legged chap who had been in the town a year or so. He was a book agent, and a nice enough fellow, only he was stuck on himself and thought all the girls were, too. They did like him, for he was a smooth talker, dressed well, and always had money. As for me, I couldn't do anything much but stick type and spell, and I was so thundering bashful that the girls had no use for me except to have fun with me, and make me wish they had all been born boys or birds, or anything but girls. All but one—that was Alice Smith, who was so good, and so nice to everybody that she couldn't have been otherwise to me if she had wanted to be. And I returned her kindness by thinking of her all day and dreaming of her at night, and blushing clear back to my collar button every time I saw her. Of course everybody knew about it, and everybody, except Alice, teased me about it."

The Old Subscriber grinned in remembrance

"I went to Sunday-school in those days," continued the Editor, "where Alice taught, and she often cornered me and talked to me in spite of myself, just because she was sorry for me. Sometimes she would make me walk home with her from the church, and although I stumbled along like a blind mule and got red as a beet whenever we met anybody, I would rather have been with her than anywhere on earth. All I could say to her was 'yes' and 'no,' but she laughed and chatted with me as if I were really worth her while and she intended to make a man of me or die in the attempt. But I was mighty near hopeless, and after I left her at her gate I slipped back into town down an alley for fear of meeting people. But I appreciated what she was doing, as poorly as I was showing it, and though with small opportunities I was a fool, I think, with great ones, I could have been a hero for her sake. At the same time, long-legged Nat Landers with his smooth tongue and his courage, had me nearly crazy, because he had taken a fancy to Alice and was hanging around her whenever he got the chance, which was a good many times, for Alice liked him and was quite proud that he paid more attention to her than he did to any of the other girls."

"If you got any of that excelsior to spare, I'd like a bite," said the Taxpayer to the Old Subscriber who had opened a package of fine cut chewing tobacco.

'I should think it was like dessert to you after eatin' that long green," grunted the Old Subscriber, kindly handing the package over to him

"Well," resumed the Editor, "things stood that way when the great spelling bee came off and everybody in the town was there. Of course, I couldn't escape, and I guess I didn't want to, because as bashful as I was, I was proud to be pointed out as the best speller in the county, Nat Landers to the contrary notwithstanding. The bee consisted of various tests, individual, and choosing sides and that sort, but the feature of the occasion was a prize oil painting in a gilt frame that was to go to the best speller in the final contest, when every person in the house, except the teacher, was to line up on one side or the other and spell down. As might have been expected, Nat Landers was captain of one side and I was captain of the other, and we soon had our sides marshaled against each other. I wanted to choose Alice the very first one, but I wouldn't have done it for the world, and Nat did it as easy as he could sell a book. And it wasn't because Alice was such a good speller, either. Alice's spell was of a different kind."

'Huh," snickered the Exchange Fiend, who was conversant with the comic columns of the newspapers.

The Editor smiled and went on with his story: "The teacher had a McGuffey's and a Webster's spelling-book, and he began at the beginning where the words were easy and the poorest spellers could have some sort of a show. This act of mercy was of short duration, however, and the teacher was soon over among the hard words, and the victims began dropping all along the line. A dozen or more still stood and battled nobly, but one by one they joined those gone before, until no one was left except Landers and myself. By this time I was getting pretty nervous. All along I had been looking at the picture, and I had made up a dozen little speeches I

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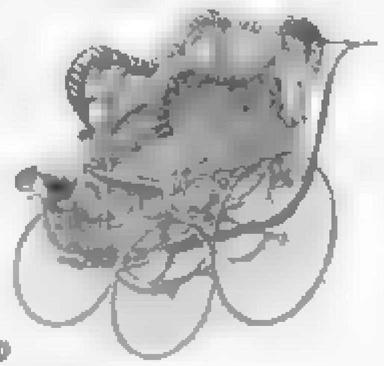

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intended to say to Alice when it was mine, for I had no wish to win the prize except to give it to her. She had been spelled down early in the fray, for, as I said, Alice was never a star speller, but that was not what I was loving her for, and I didn't care a continental if she couldn't spell cat, if she would only let me love her and some day — but I was afraid to think of that — win her for myself. Now I was so nervous I couldn't look at the picture, and as for looking at Alice, I didn't dare so much as to turn my eyes toward the other side of the room where she sat looking at both of us, but I could see Nat smiling over at her and grinning confidently every time he rattled off a big word [illegible] is saying Jack Robinson

"I don't seem to remember any Jack Robinson," said the Old Subscriber absentmindedly, as he looked inquiringly in the direction of the Taxpayer, who shook his head in warning

"Finally," continued the Editor, "the teacher gave up the spelling-book and opened the big dictionary. It was a silent tribute to our ability that called for a murmur of applause all over the house

"'Abracadabra,' he called out for a starter, and Nat took it in on the fly without trying

"'Apagoge,' he next announced, and I finished it promptly

"'Asyndeton.'

Nat spelled it without turning a hair

"'Aurora borealis.'

"It was my turn, and the hot blood flew to my face and my knees trembled. Lord knows what was the matter with me, but the place seemed to be whirling, and all I could see was a girl's face swinging around in the jumble before me. I felt my Adam's apple coming up into my mouth, but I choked it back with a gasp, and began spelling very slowly, syllable by syllable

"'A-u, au, r-o, ro, auro, r-a, ra, Aurora; b-o, bo, r-e, re, bo-re——' and there I stumbled and stopped, and the house became very still. Nat Landers stood looking at me with a smile on his handsome face which to me was little short of fiendish. One of the ghoulish glee kind, you know.

"'Go on,' said the teacher, lifting his eyes over his spectacles and letting them fall on me in mild surprise. 'You have only a half a minute to a word.'

"'A-u, au, r-o, ro, r-a, ra, Aurora, b-o, bo, r-e, re, bo-re——' I proceeded, rather more glibly than on the first trial, but I stopped at the same point again and the teacher looked up and waited for me to go on

"'Alis,' he suggested, as he could under the rule when a speller was stalled, and he gave the 'a' the short sound as the word was generally pronounced

"'A-l-i-c-e,' I blurted out in spite of all I could do, for I knew that was not the way to spell it, and down I sat

"Landers and the teacher and everybody who knew how to spell the word, because it wasn't a hard one, fairly shouted, and all the others soon joined them, while poor Alice looked at me, blushing and embarrassed, as if she never, never could forgive me for being so outrageously silly. The moment I finished the word Landers caught it up and spelled it right, and I dashed out of the schoolhouse bareheaded, and ran away into the darkness to hide my shame. Of course, everybody after that knew the joke I had put on myself, but nobody had charity enough to see the pathetic side of it and offer me any sympathy. That is, nobody did then, and when Landers had given the picture to Alice, people said it was sure to be a match; but the following Sunday Alice made me walk home with her, and I had suffered so since the spelling bee that some better sense had come to me, and — well" the Editor smiled cheerfully and resignedly, "I guess Taxpayer here and Old Subscriber know my wife's name is Alice."

"And a fine woman she is," nodded the Old Subscriber

"A plumb thoroughbred," corroborated the Taxpayer with confidence

The Editor bowed, doubled himself up again and resumed his labors

Editor's Note — A powerful serial entitled Calumet "K:" A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner, will begin in an early number of The Saturday Evening Post, and be continued through twelve numbers. This stirring serial of business life is by Merwin-Webster, joint authors of The Short Line War. Calumet "K" is the designation of an unfinished grain elevator. The story tells how Bannon, the indomitable foreman, overcomes a thousand obstacles created by business enemies who are trying to corner the wheat market

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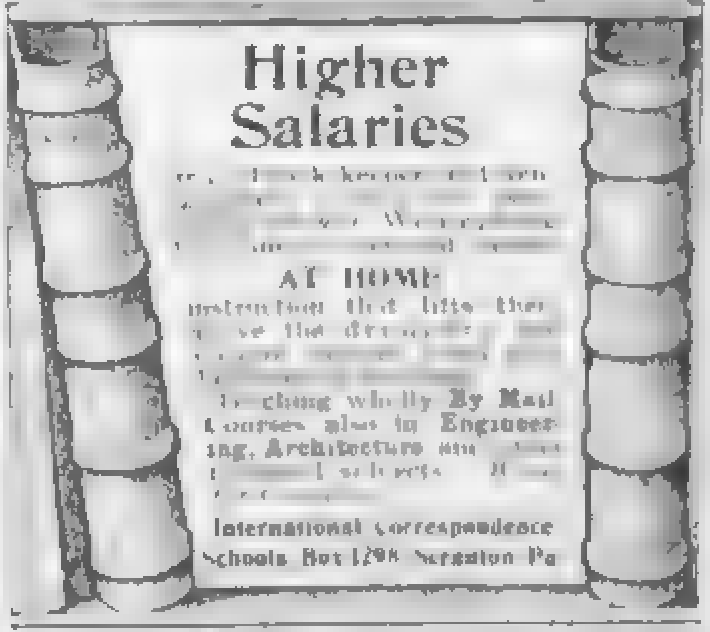

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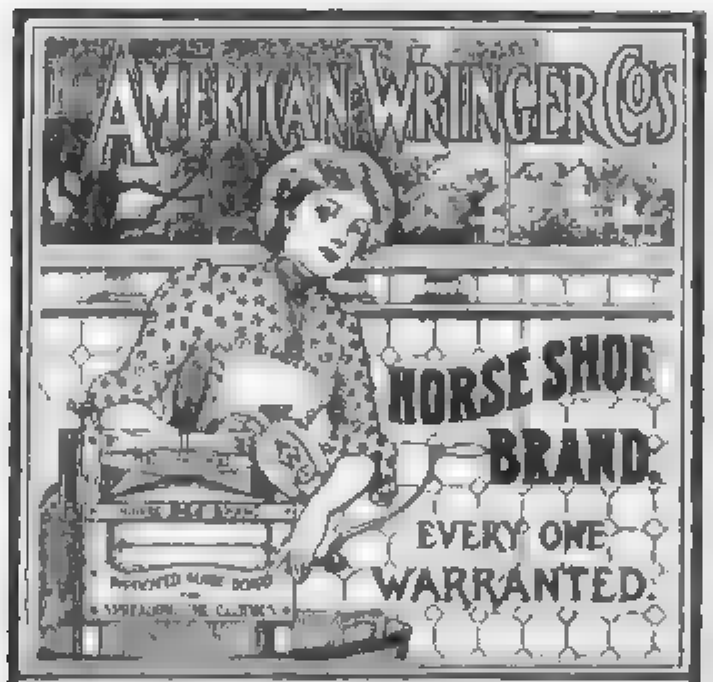
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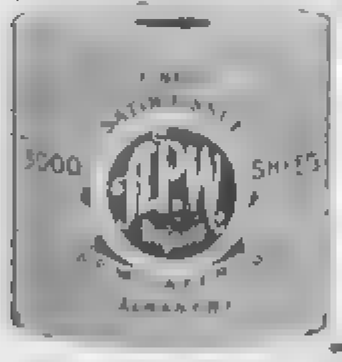

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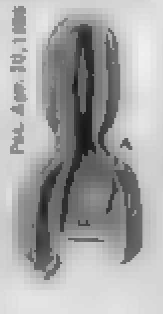


"Publick Occurrences"

Great Britain will soon begin to make the greatest and most costly change in war equipment that the world has ever known. She has in her naval vessels twelve million dollars' worth of boilers which have been officially condemned by engineering experts. This is but an item in a long list, and the total expense will tax even the enormous resources of the Kingdom for years to come—resources already sapped by $500,000,000 of expenditures for South Africa.

Larger in size and more radical in character and broader in scope will be the army reorganization. Guns and ammunition and clothes and machines that were considered satisfactory before the war in South Africa began will be discarded, and tens of millions of dollars will be used to outfit soldiers according to the new ideas, and to modernize methods.

After our war with Spain the department stores in the large cities had bargain sales of guns which the Government had discarded and which were sold for less than the value of the metal that was in them. If our small force could throw such a quantity of old material upon the rummage market, what a pleasant prospect must open to the merchants of England when they contemplate the vast amount of booty that will go to them for almost nothing.

War nowadays puts an army behind the times. Theory succumbs to practice. Materials and tactics are knocked to pieces and better things take their place. The change is incessant, for invention is always busy, but it is the shock of battle that brings the revolutions.

The Loss of the Picturesque

Modern war is ugly. The magnificent movements of the past are seen only in the reviews—to march men in great masses to the cannon's mouth would be nothing less than wholesale murder, and to dress them in gaudy and brilliant clothes would be to invite them to their own funerals.

Many poor fellows in South Africa have been victims to their uniforms, and if the adoption of khaki had not been rushed, the mortality would have been much larger.

Khaki represents the new spirit of warfare. It is the policy of invisibility. It is to the body what the smokeless powder is to the gun. A British officer states that some of the soldiers on their way to South Africa became so wrought up over the tables showing the destructiveness of modern warfare, that they not only took from their own bodies every bit of colored material, but that they painted their horses khaki.

The same policy turned our resplendent white squadrons into a dirty slate color with the design of making the ships as inconspicuous as possible.

Nor do the changes stop here. The whole tendency is for smaller and tougher horses, and one essential factor in any modern war is the meek and lowly mule. Instead of the dramatic charges of the past the men are handled so as to offer the least front to the enemy and to make every shot tell, if possible.

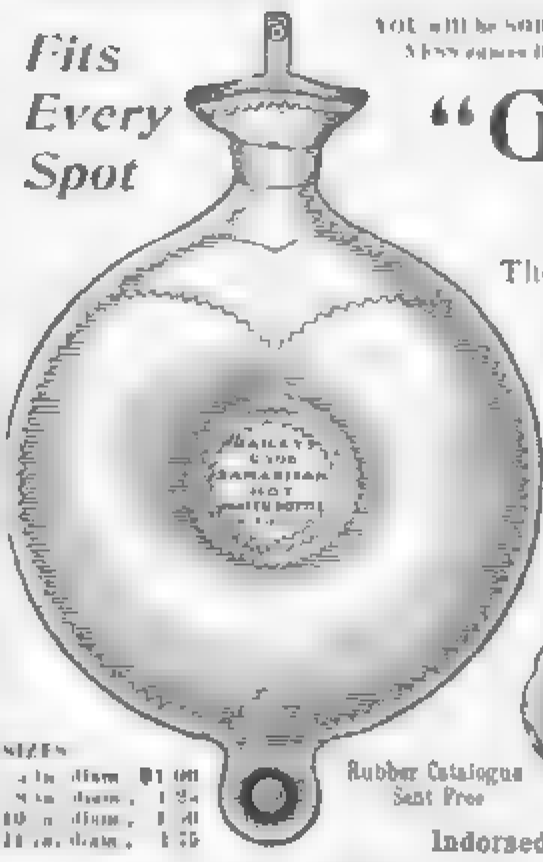
Modern armies and navies will have good clothes and fine colors for parades and reviews, but when they get down to business there will be nothing picturesque except the grim fortunes of the fighting.

The Gain in Results

Mr. Bloch, whose book had more than anything else to do with the bringing about of the Peace Conference at The Hague, persuaded a great many people that the certain slaughter with modern war implements would make any war between two progressive nations a swift and gory record of brutal destruction.

In a way this was proven in the annihilation of Spain's navy at Manila and Santiago, but in neither case were the conditions equal. On land, the predictions have not been realized. The British officer, whom we have quoted, has made a careful calculation of battlefield casualties, and according to his tables the modern rifle fire with guns in the hands of inexperienced soldiers is not more destructive than the old musket fire at Waterloo or the Crimea.

Unquestionably, the destruction would be wrought if the armies stood up against each other as in the old days—the first British reverses in South Africa might be cited in illustration—but the brass band style of going to war is passing, and the taking away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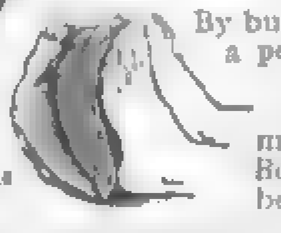

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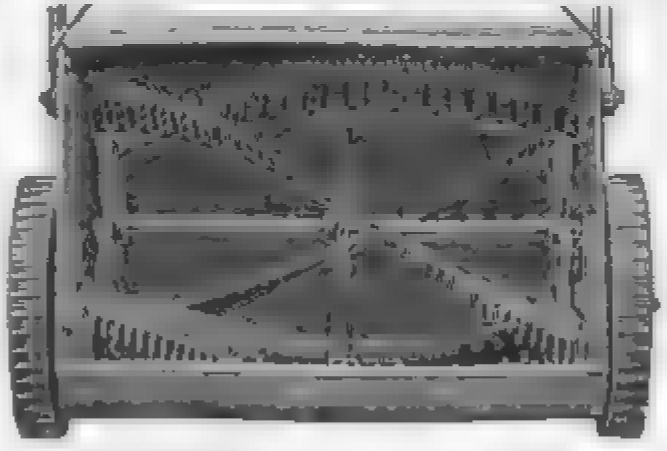

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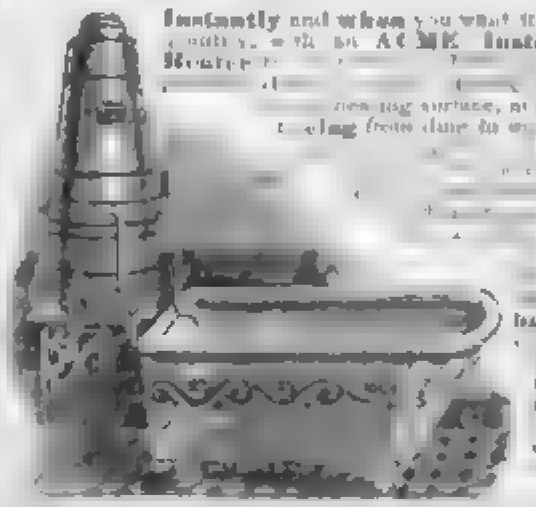

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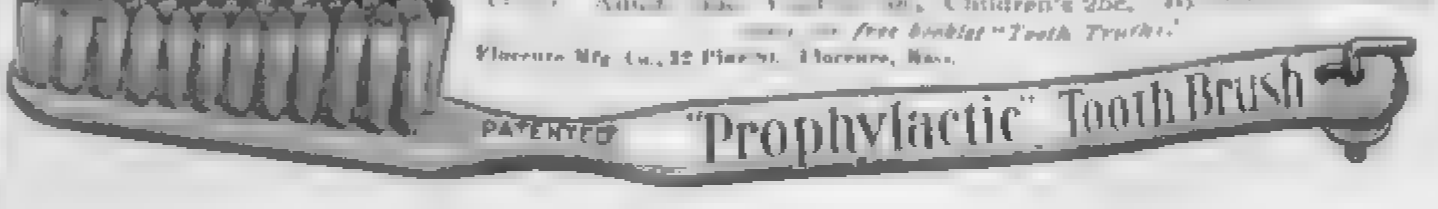


of the noise and the color gives the soldier a better chance for his life

Effectiveness is the end [illegible] at, and while the picturesque will be missed the gain in results will furnish compensation

The Demand for Speed

Railroads have called a halt on speed schedules, and steamships have settled down to the conviction that anything over twenty-five knots is wasteful extravagance, and that the nearer the figures are to twenty [illegible] eighteen — knots the better it is for the stockholders

But in modern war plans there is no limit to speed Year by year the naval [illegible] call for greater [illegible] maneuvering A [illegible] torpedo [illegible] has reached a speed of over forty miles an hour and some of the great ships under construction are expected to make [illegible] and thirty knots

In the army, thought and resource are being concentrated upon the problem of handling troops more quickly. The Boers have taught the British many costly lessons and the experience which Spain gained from the United States will not soon be forgotten

Modern Secret Service

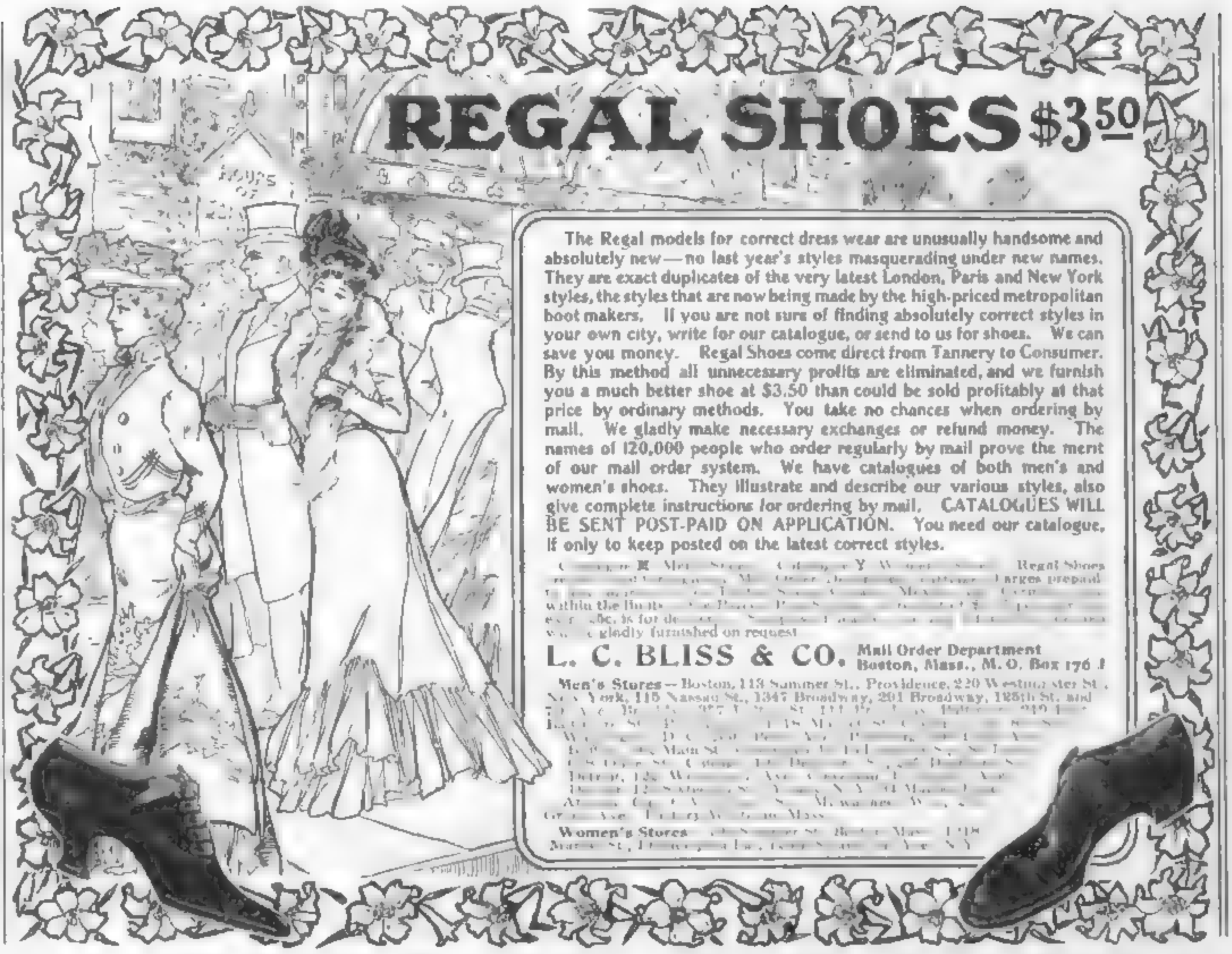
In the last estimates of the Government an expenditure for spies was duly and candidly reported. The conventionalists of the European nations opened their eyes in amazement. Of course every army had spies but nobody was supposed to acknowledge it officially. They said the Americans were really a most extraordinary people. It was in its way the same kind of revolutionary work that this Government did in diplomacy — it made the traditional diplomacy ridiculous by making the modern diplomacy truthful

Few realize the extent of secret service work in the modern trade of war. The books of instruction and the whole education in the naval and military life impress the importance of knowing everything possible about the geography, the habits, the resources and the conditions of every nation strong enough to fight. Thus the world is mapped in every war office, and representatives of every army are looking around to see what the other armies are doing. Sometimes there are discoveries and scandals — but scandal or no scandal the work goes steadily on

In fact the spy, whether he be after the plans of a fortification in an era of peace or in the ranks of the enemy in the midst of war, is being developed not only in keenness and intellectual accomplishments but in his standing before the world. When caught he is still a spy and when successful he is still a hero, but there is less disposition to shoot him over night than there used to be Thus the most hazardous part of the war business is much safer than it used to be

The Manchester Guardian, which in some respects is the most influential paper in Great Britain, called Funston's exploit in the capture of Aguinaldo shabby, and thought that the United States was lowering itself to indorse such methods. Of course, it might have thought differently if the little Kansan had captured De Wet and presented him to the British army, and it really makes no difference, because the other English papers, with few exceptions, recognized the full size of the act; but it is useful in showing the spirit of competition and jealousy that still remains between nations — even between nations that talk of union of interests.

This is one of the unescapable effects of war progress as well as of war making Great navies and great armies stimulated to the limit of equipment and expenditure create deep jealousies that wonderfully help the iron and steel interests, but place an awful handicap on the brotherhood of man



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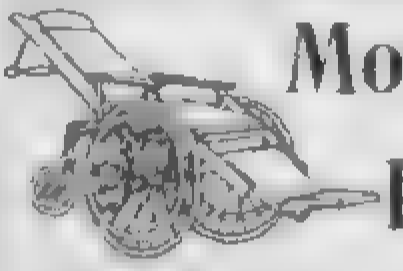

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Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

A Book About the New King

His Britannic Majesty has not been King long, and during that time he can have had very little opportunity for "the private life." The present volume (The Private Life of King Edward VII; by a Member of His Household: *D. Appleton & Co.*) is necessarily for the most part a sketch of him as Heir Apparent. For all that, it need not lack readers. Although London gossip already chronicles the added dignity and seriousness of manner that have come with his accession to the throne, it will be a year or so before a new volume will be needed on the King's life. The book one has now is a good book — that is, as good a book as it can be. Naturally the "member of the royal household" who writes it means to remain in that favored position. His book is more or less like a flattering letter of introduction which you write while your friend waits, and which you hand to him unsealed. The picture of the King is crowded with detail, but it is a little colorless. One does not at all wish for a *chronique scandaleuse*, but one would have liked to read of enough little foibles to make the portrait more human.

If one does not get actually to know the man one must content one's self with acquiring considerable information concerning the King. It is interesting, even for the free-born American, to know that a King lunches at 2:30, instead of at one, as he himself does, or that the royal valets number three, and that two of them brush and press clothes continuously throughout the day. The volume offers a feast of such pleasant, if unimportant, titbits.

Though the book is always flattering in tone it convinces one that His Majesty really possesses the qualities which make him popular in England. He is honestly a good sportsman, and sincerely a lover of country life. His patronage of the turf would not endear him to the hearts of Americans were they his subjects; it unquestionably does recommend him to the loyalty of the English. He is wonderfully tactful. He has almost always said the right thing at the right time, and if he has made enemies it has been only temporarily. Of course the most amusing stories are those of the times when he seemed least tactful — of his famous snubs. For example, at one time the extortions at bazars had become so intolerable that a visit to one of them was like a venture into a retreat of brigands. Once at a bazar the Prince called for a cup of tea at the refreshment stall. The price was supposed to be a guinea ($5.25), which seems extravagant charge. But the fair vender, who thought to amuse the Prince and to advertise herself as the coming favorite in his set, sipped first from the cup and then, handing it to him with a languishing smile, said, "Now the cup of tea is five guineas." The Prince bravely paid the money asked, handed back the tea, and said, "Will you please give me a clean cup?" After this it is said that for some time bazaars were safe for the ordinary visitor and the ordinary purse.

His Majesty's artistic tastes are not notable, except his really sincere love of music. It is due to his social influence that the opera has been supported in one of the most unmusical capitals of the world. As to literature, his biographer says "his tastes are very sound and always tend to mental improvement." But the only novelist mentioned is the author of East Lynne! King Edward is not a natural student, but if needs must he can apply himself. Merely to make the public speeches demanded of him he has had to know something of English literature, art, shipping, dramatic history, military matters, civil engineering, the study of the Bible and of mission work, civil institutions, the status of the clerk, collegiate education, the management of life-boats, the history of Egypt, the Irish question, foreign travel, ambulance and first aid training, workmen's exhibitions, rescue work, agricultural improvements and live-stock breeding, the reclaiming of barren lands, the management of hospitals, Colonial questions, training ships, medical treatment of women and children, the history of volunteering, housing of the poor (a topic on which His Majesty is a real authority), the Darwinian theory, the schoolmaster problem, railways and their management, the necessity for athletics, musical training, and a number of other topics. It is not all fun being a Prince and a King.

—*H. G. Rhodes.*

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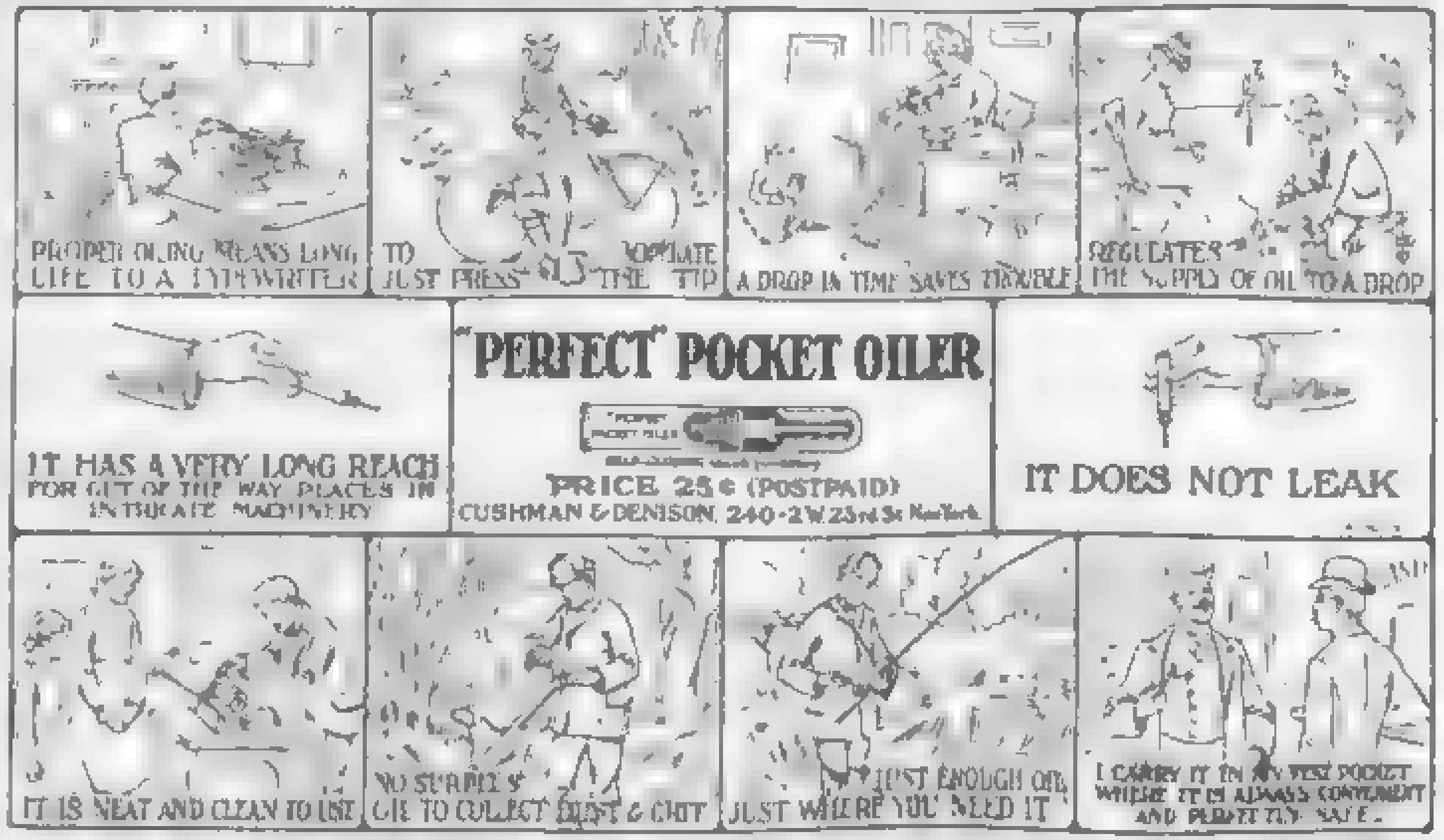

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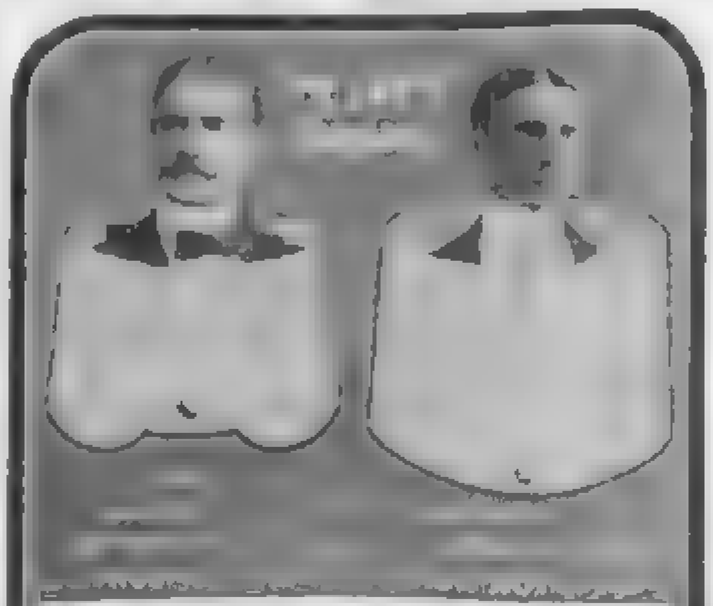

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A Page of Life

(Concluded from Page 9)

the fire. He was dead when I got him down into the street. But I'd rather have been tussling to save lives, as I did, than watching some of the poor creatures throwing themselves into the street, or tumbling back into the flames when we couldn't reach 'em."

"I read the particulars, as who did not, and shuddered. But, Woodbridge——"

"Cottrell, Royce, if it's the same to you. I've given that as my name here, and I mean to stick by it."

"Yes, I observed you did, and rather applauded the idea. I'm thankful you sent for me to come to-day, for I was just worrying over your non-appearance."

When the lawyer had finished his careful explanation of the Elnathan I. Clarke will, and had established to the satisfaction of Woodbridge's incredulous spirit the fact that he was about to receive an undreamed-of competence, there was silence between them for a while.

"They tell me I'm going to get well—no beauty to look at, but sound through," ventured the patient presently. "And if that's so, and what you tell me's so, Royce, I've got an entirely new scheme of life. There's a little body I know who thinks she owes me something, and comes here often to see me—by George, I believe that girl loves me the better for what I've been, for I owned up and told her every blessed thing. She's already agreed to marry me, Royce, if ever I can make enough to keep our souls and bodies together—and now—and now—it looks as if we can do it. But we'll go away from New York, Royce—as far as we can get—and never come back here. I want everything to be new—brand-new; a clean slate, you understand. I don't look for happiness—Heaven knows I never can forget—but I'll keep straight. I'll keep straight and take care of that good little girl."

When Royce arose to leave the ward, the first symptom of weakening showed in the full moisture of eyes, peering through their mask-holes, like a White Brother's at a Roman fête.

"Going, Royce? Well, good-by," he said simply. "Nothing in the wide world that I could ever do would repay you, I suppose?"

"Why, my dear fellow," said Royce, trying to conceal his own inclination toward the melting state, "you've more than repaid me already by turning out to be the Cottrell missing link. You have virtually delivered me from my pest, the widow of the late Elnathan I. Clarke!"

❧

A Trafficker in Vanity

THERE are many queer pursuits in the world, but of them all it is doubtful if any rank higher in the "Land of the Odd" than the traffic carried on by an enterprising Yankee in New York. He has his place in the basement of one of the office buildings on lower Broadway, and deals in labeled trunks and traveling bags—that is, trunks and traveling bags that have seen service abroad, and that bear the labels of foreign hotels. A man going to Europe, if he works judiciously, can on his return get twice what he paid for his bag or trunk at starting.

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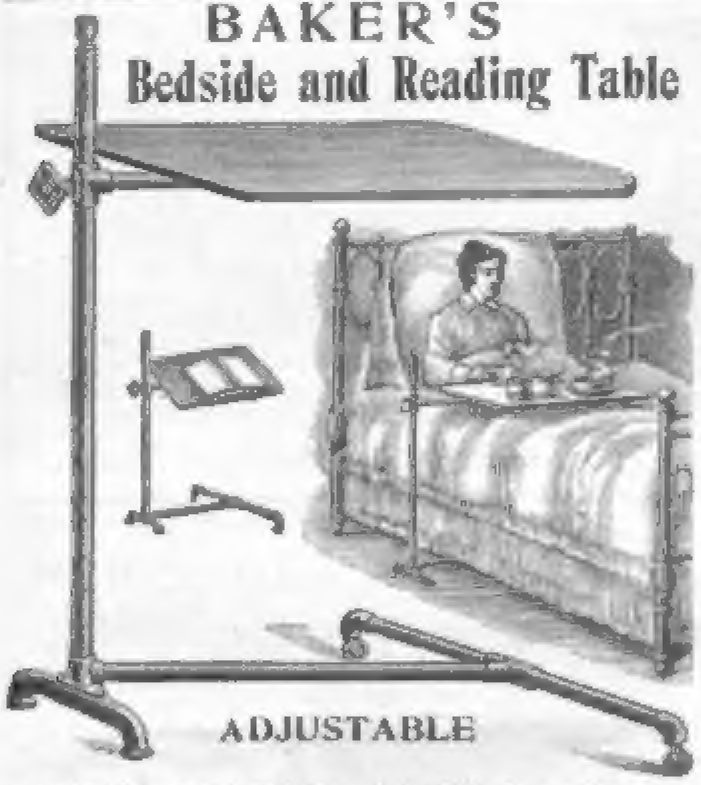

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Masters of Men

(Continued from Page 11)

leaves. "It's a stock question in all navies. The skipper would have signaled the next letters above, which merely make an irrelevant statement. We might not have got this news. Run up C—B—T and ask if there are any men-of-war about."

Dick hoisted this signal, and the other ship responded with a series which Breen interpreted and jotted down on the Captain's envelope. When finished he read to Dick:

"Spanish Temerario, Montevideo—American Buffalo, purchased, Rio Janeiro—American Oregon, sailed, San Francisco, March 19, Cuba."

"The Oregon was in the North Pacific," said Breen. "She must be off the Horn now, or in the Straits. She'll likely coal at Punta Arenas, possibly at Montevideo, and surely at Rio. We'll keep away from Montevideo for the present—while the Temerario is around. Our place is Rio. With fair luck we can make Rio in time to join the Oregon and then—war. Hook on D—H—C—L. That asks, 'How many were killed?' Then we'll give the Maine's name."

The answer to these signals was a couple of hoists which indicated "two hundred and sixty."

"That'll be enough," said Breen. "Two hundred and sixty—some of them our friends, perhaps. I knew all her officers. Oh, there'll be war, Dick. Run up the ensign and dip it. Funny, but I feel better."

The steward joined them as Dick hoisted the ensign. "Where will you eat, sir?" he asked respectfully.

"At the cabin table as master of this ship," said Breen. "This is Mr. Halpin, first mate. Treat him as such. Mr. Sawyer is still second mate, and there will be no change in his position for the present. Call him to dinner and serve him at once. Then prepare the bath tub and procure from the slop chest two suits of clothing, the best that you have—shirts, underclothing, socks, shoes—everything complete."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

The steward went down, most certainly impressed.

At one bell, before the port watch went to dinner, Breen braced the ship sharp on the port tack; and though the men, when they began the work, moved with a deliberation that was a sure index of their doubt and dissatisfaction, it left them before many of Breen's sharp, clear-cut orders burst over their heads.

Three weeks later, with the Sugar Loaf bearing ahead and to port, Breen took his eyes from a spot on the southern horizon to back the main-yards and receive a Rio Janeiro pilot.

"What's the news from the United States?" he asked.

"War declared on Spain nine days ago. Didn't you know? Havana's blockaded, and we're on the lookout here for the Oregon and Marietta. Seen anything of 'em?"

"What do you make of that?" answered Breen, handing him the binoculars, and pointing to the southward. The pilot looked.

"Oregon," he said shortly. "The Marietta is just astern of her."

The spot grew larger and took on form—a broad-beamed, one-masted, two-funneled floating fortress—rushing along at steam-yacht speed, with the pigmy consort in her wake. At the entrance to the harbor the two passed the Mary Earl, the big battleship plowing up a bow wave half-way to the top of her ram bow, her funnels belching, her engines humming—hundreds of white-clad men dotting her deck.

"Halpin, we're just in time," said Breen with glistening eyes. "We'll report to her Captain instead of the Consul. It will save complications. We'll go north in the Oregon."

"And the ship?" asked Dick.

"Can take care of herself. The official log has our confessions. Let Sawyer report to the Consul."

They left the Mary Earl in a shore boat, Sawyer and the little steward waving hands at the gangway, the crew cheering from the rail and rigging. But there was one discordant note in the Godspeed. Pig Jones, rejuvenated and revengeful, appeared on the top of the forward house with an apronful of potatoes, which he threw at them until they were out of range. Then they heard him dare the remonstrating Sawyer to fight.

"She is still a hell-ship," said Breen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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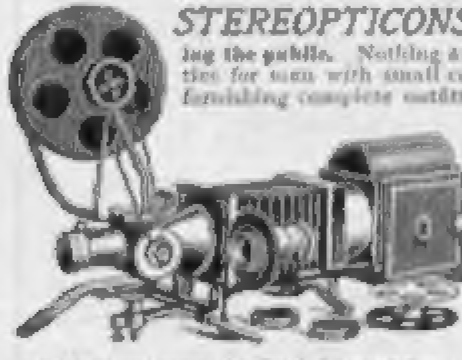

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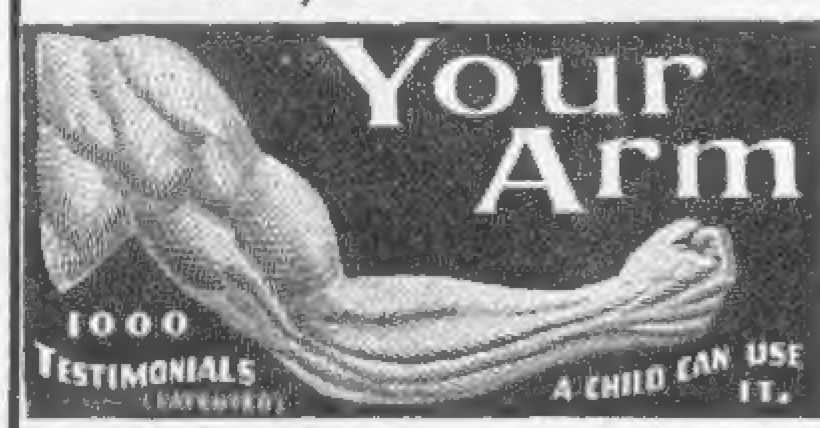

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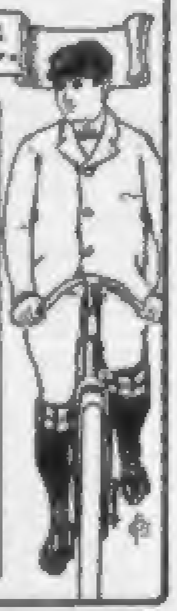

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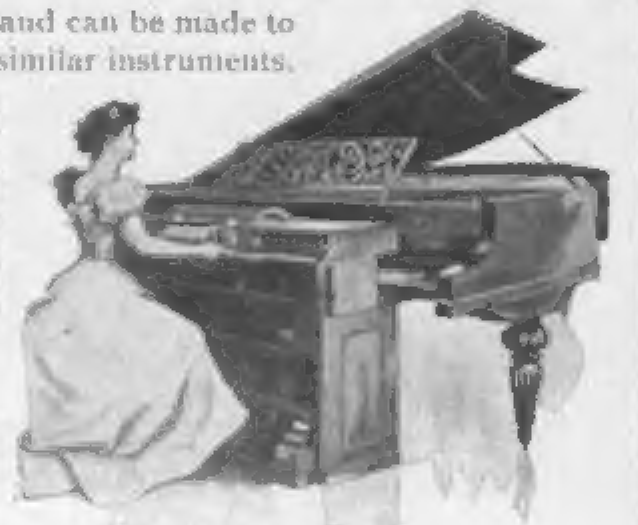

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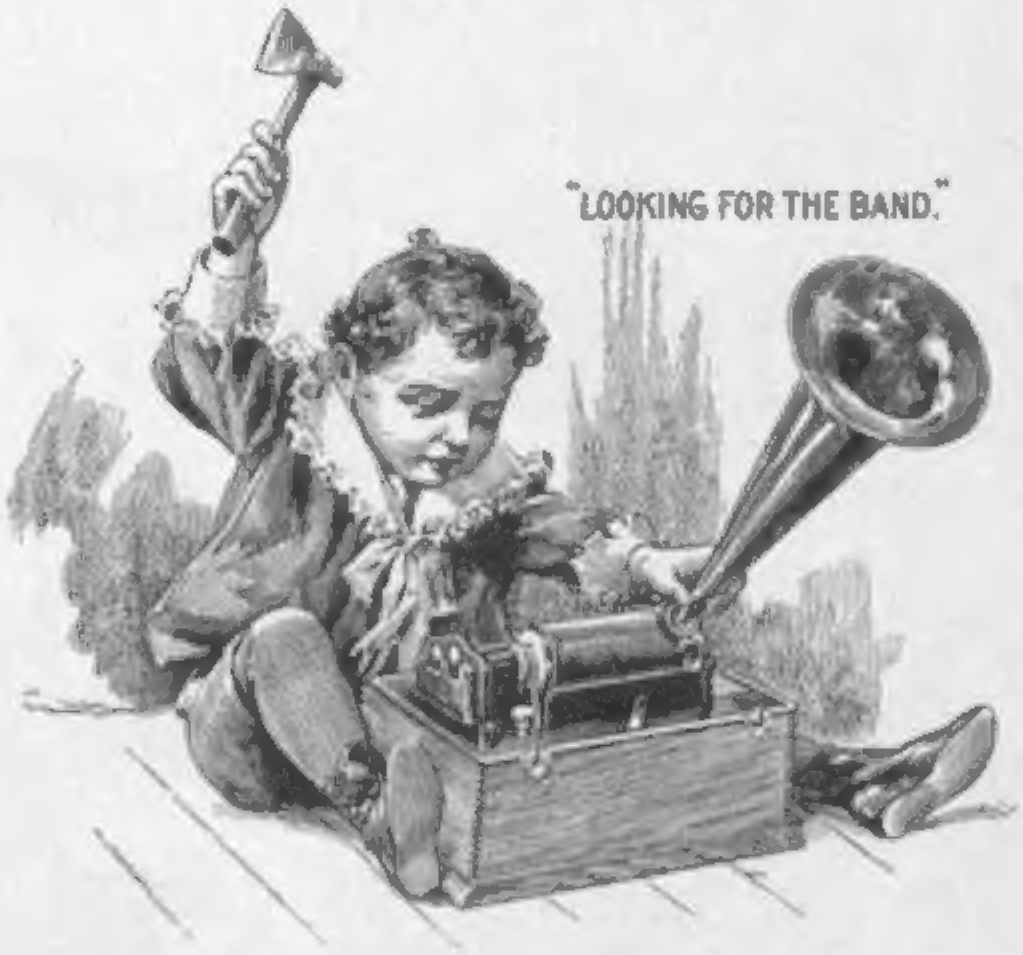
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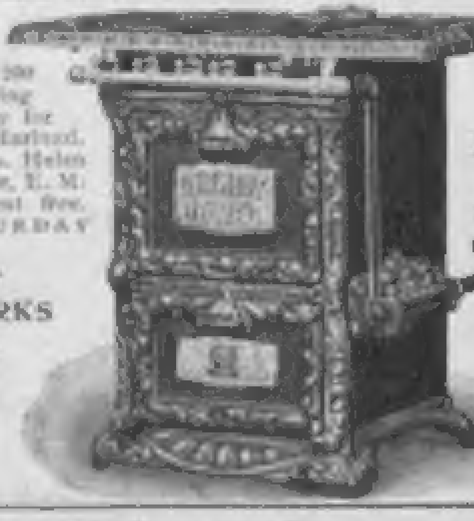

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